

An aerial photograph of a lush green golf course. In the upper left, a large, light-colored clubhouse with a prominent porch and columns is visible. The course is dotted with large, mature trees that cast long shadows across the grass. Several sand traps are scattered throughout the landscape. In the lower center, a group of about seven people are standing on the green, looking towards the right. The overall scene is peaceful and well-maintained.

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 12, 1961

25 CENTS

1961 U.S. OPEN

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in an old-fashioned or cocktail glass.
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Next week

Old Archie Moore, 25 years a professional, fights a return match with Gino Rinaldi, the young Italian who defeated him last October. Gilbert Rogin covers the bout.

Four pages of color on a historic regatta, a close-up look at the nation's top crews and a penetrating essay on the why of it all mark the mid-June explosion of rowing.

Earl Young, a Californian with a Texas jack rabbit's speed, heads a formidable list of U.S. quarter milers. At the climax of the track season, a report by Roy Terrell.

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COMING EVENTS

June 9 to June 13
All times are E.D.T.

★ Color telecasts ♦ Telecasts ■ Network radio

Friday, June 9

BASEBALL

NCAA Champs., Omaha (through June 14)

GOLF

Shandhuva Amateur Tournament, Johnston, Pa. (through June 13)

SWIMMING

Tuba Open, Swimming and Diving Champs., Tulsa (through June 11)

TRACK & FIELD

Meet of Champions, Houston.

Saturday, June 10

BASEBALL

★ Milwaukee at Chicago Cubs, 2:25 p.m. (CBS)

★ Minnesota at Baltimore, 2 p.m. (NBC)

BAJONET

Thomas, Cap Real, Dyskarta, Indonesia (also June 11)

BOXING

★ Moore vs. Rutledge, light heavy title bout (Main and N.Y.) 1:15 p.m. Mid-Su. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC)

DOG SHOW

Greenwich Kennel Club show, Greenwich, Conn.

GOLF

★ International Golf Championships and Canada Cup II, Wide World of Sports, 3 p.m. (ABC)

HARNESS RACING

Free For-All Trot, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Argument, Sakers, \$10,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

Canadian Oaks, \$25,000, Woodbine, Ont., Canada

Chicagoan Handicap, \$25,000, Belmont at Washington Park, Ill.

★ Medley Horse Stakes, \$75,000, Belmont Park, N.Y. (Sports Network regional TV) *

MOTOR SPORTS

Le Mans 24-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance, Le Mans, France (also June 11)

ROWING

MIT at Dartmouth

Washington at Navy

TRACK & FIELD

Pacific Area Champs., Palo Alto, Calif.

Pacific Northwest Area Champs., Everett, Wash.

Sunday, June 11

BASEBALL

★ Chicago White Sox at Baltimore, 2 p.m. (NBC)

★ Los Angeles Angels at New York, 1:55 p.m. (CBS)

MOTOR SPORTS

15-mile Nall, Championship Dirt Track Race (non-scheduled), Heidelberg, Pa.

SWIMMING

Age Group and Open meet, San Diego.

Monday, June 12

BASEBALL

Los Angeles Dodgers at San Francisco.

Tuesday, June 13

BOWLING

PBA San Jose Open, \$28,500, San Jose, Calif. (through June 15)

Wednesday, June 14

BOATING

Nova Trophy, I.C.Y.R.A. dinghy finals, Annapolis, Md. (through June 16)

RODENT

Continental Rodent, \$5,250, Wichita, Kans. (through June 21 and 23-25)

Thursday, June 15

GOLF

USGA Eastern Open, Delabon, Pa. (through June 18)

USGA Open, Broomfield, Mich. (through June 17)

MOTOR SPORTS

★ "Grand Prix de Monte Carlo," Summer Sports Spectacular, 7:30 p.m. (CBS)

* See local listing



POINT OF FACT

A U.S. Open golf quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of the fans and the armchair experts

7 Who is eligible to play in the U.S. Open?

• Entries are open to male professional golfers and amateurs with handicaps of two strokes or less. Most entrants, however, must qualify first in local and sectional qualifying rounds.

7 How many golfers entered this year's Open?

• A record number of 2,476 filed entries to fill the starting field of 150. All but 21 had to play qualifying rounds.

7 What course had held the most Opens?

• Four have been held at the Myopia Hunt Club in Hamilton, Mass. (1898, 1901, 1905, 1908), and four have been held at Baltusrol in Springfield, N.J. (1903, 1915, 1936, 1954). Three have been previously staged at Oakwood Hills in Birmingham, Mich. (1924, 1937, 1951), and this year's Open will be the fourth.

7 What is the record low score for the full tournament?

• In 1948 Ben Hogan shot a 276 at the Riviera Country Club in Los Angeles to win over Jimmy Demaret, who had 278. This was the only time anyone has broken 280.

continued

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POINT OF FACT continued

? What is the highest winning score?

• In 1901 at Myopia, Willie Anderson and Alex Smith tied for first at 331, and Anderson won the subsequent playoff with an 85 against Smith's 86.

? What is the record low score for 18 holes?

• Lee Mackey shot a 64 in the first round at Merion in 1950, but the next day tumbled to an 81 and eventually finished tied for 25th.

? Who holds the record for the greatest number of strokes taken on a single hole?

• Ray Ainsley. In the second round of the 1938 tournament, played at Cherry Hills in Denver, Ainsley's second shot on the 16th hole kicked off the edge of the green and into a bordering creek. By the time he had slashed the drifting ball out of the rocks, mud and water, and finished the hole, the unfortunate Ainsley was soaking wet and had taken 19 strokes. It is a record that has never been threatened since.

? Who was the last foreign player to win?

• Ted Ray. He won in 1920 at Inverness with a score of 295, beating Harry Vardon, Jack Burke Sr., Leo Diegel and Jock Hutchison by a stroke.

? Who was the last amateur to win?

• In 1933 Johnny Goodman, an amateur from Omaha, won with a score of 287 at the North Shore Golf Club in Illinois, beating professional Ralph Guldahl by a stroke.

? Who was the first amateur to win?

• Francis Ouimet in 1913. A former caddy, he was playing in his first Open at the age of 20 and finished birdie-par in the run to tie British professionals Harry Vardon, 43, and Ted Ray, 36, for first. The next day he won the championship playoff with a 72 to Vardon's 77 and Ray's 78.

? How many players have won both the U.S. Amateur and the Open in the same year?

• Only two. Bob Jones did it, of course, in 1930, the year of his Grand Slam. But Chuck Evans had done it 14 years earlier, in 1916. In fact, all five of the amateurs who have won the Open—Jones, Evans, Francis Ouimet, Jerry Travers and Johnny Goodman—have also won the Amateur Championship as well.



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 12, 1961

? Has any player won the Open two years in a row?

• Yes. Willie Anderson won it in 1903, '04 and '05. Johnny McDermott won in 1911 and '12. Bob Jones in 1929 and '30. Ralph Guldahl in 1937 and '38, and Ben Hogan in 1950 and '51.

? What Open winner has the longest stretch of years between his first and last championship?

• So far, Gene Sarazen. He won the Open in 1922 at the age of 20, won his second and last Open in 1932. In 1940 Sarazen tied for first but lost the playoff to Lawson Little 73 to 70.

? What was the longest Open?

• In 1931 at Inverness, Billy Burke and George Von Elm tied for first at 292 and then had to negotiate a 72-hole playoff before Burke won with a score of 297 to Von Elm's 298.

? How many times has the Open been forced into a playoff?

• There have been 20—and six of them have been three-way playoffs. Jones has been in the most—four—and won two.

? What has been the biggest winning margin?

• Eleven shots. In 1899 Willie Smith shot a 313, and George Low, Val Fitzjohn and W. H. Way were second at 326. In 1921 Jim Barnes won with a 289 while Walter Hagen and Fred McLeod were second at 298, a margin of nine shots.

? When did the Open first charge admission fees to spectators?

• Not until 1922.

? Has the championship always scheduled 36 holes for the final day?

• Yes. But until 1926 (1919 excepted) two rounds were played on the first day as well, making it a two-day tournament.

? Has there ever been an exception to the rule of 36 holes on the final day?

• Only one. In 1959 drenching rains postponed the final 18 holes for one day.

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POINT OF FACT continued

? Who was the oldest champion?

- Ted Ray, who won in 1920 at the age of 43.

? Who was the youngest champion?

- The first champion was the youngest ever to win. He was Horace Rawlins, who won in 1893 at the age of 19.

? Have two members of the same family ever won?

- Yes. Willie Smith won in 1899, and his older brother Alex won in 1906 and 1910.

? Has a left-hander ever won the Open?

- No.

? Sam Snead is famous for never having won the Open, but how many times has he finished second?

- Four times: in 1937, '47, '49 and '53. In 1939 he took an 8 on the last hole at the Philadelphia Country Club, when a par 5 would have won, and finished fifth.

? Has any Open winner shot incessantly improving records?

- Yes, but only one. In 1951 at Oakland Hills Ben Hogan shot 76-73-71-67—287—to win by two shots over Clayton Heafner.

? What was the lowest final round ever shot by an Open winner?

- Arnold Palmer's 65 last year at Cherry Hills.

? Where will the Open be played in the next 100 years?

- In 1962 it will be played at Oakmont in Pittsburgh, and in 1963 at The Country Club in Brookline, Mass., the scene and the 50th anniversary of Oumet's playoff win over Vardon and Ray.

? Who has won the most Opens?

- Willie Anderson, Bob Jones and Ben Hogan have won four each, but Hogan will have a chance to win his fifth this year at Oakland Hills.

—GWILYM BROWN

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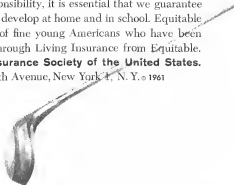
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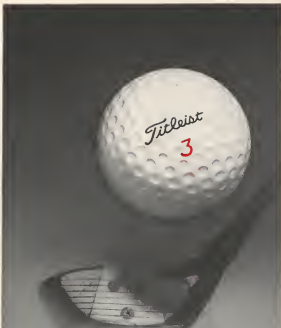
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SCORECARD

DRUMMING-OUT CEREMONY

The little band of evil men who were convicted last week in Los Angeles of conspiring to extort a share of the meager earnings of an inferior welterweight champion, Don Jordan, sum up in their positions and personalities the underworld control that, in less than a generation, has reduced prizefighting from an exciting sport to a perverted and sadistic racket. They are:

Frankie Carbo, the murderous hoodlum who, in connivance with the International Boxing Club, controlled boxing by threats of violence.

Blinky Palermo, fight manager and Carbo's No. 1 lackey, who fronted for the powerful mobster in states that were willing to tolerate him. There were quite a few such states.

Truman Gibson Jr. who, though a graduate of the University of Chicago and a lawyer, lacked the moral sense to see that there was anything wrong with employing hoodlums to keep fighters and fight managers in line so that television might be assured a steady supply of talent for IBC-promoted fights.

Also: two muscle men, Joe Sica and Louis Tom Deagna, who were retained to add substance to Carbo's telephoned threats of murder and mayhem.

One fight manager, Don Nesseseth, had the courage to defy Carbo and reject his control. One boxing figure, Jackie Leonard, had the courage to resist Carbo, though weakly, and eventually to testify against him. These two made it possible for a federal jury to convict the five and drum them out of the sport forever.

One old familiar face is missing. James D. Norris, who hired Gibson to hire hoodlums to do his dirty work, is scot free and permitted to carry on his wealthy sportsman pose while raising his horses in such states as Florida and Illinois, neither of which seems to see anything wrong in licensing a lifetime associate of mobsters. The weakness of state commissions in tolerating the likes of Norris and Carbo is an old story in

boxing, which is why Senator Estes Kefauver has been able to present such a convincing case for the establishment of a federal boxing commission. The gentlemen who control racing might consider the implications.

MOLD THAT LINE

The newest idea in athletic assistance came last week from Ames, Iowa where farmers are now being asked to donate beef for the Iowa State University's training table. The plan is called More Beef in the Line, and any Iowa farmer who donates a steer to the university will be given priority on reserved seats at the football games as well as preferred parking benefits and, on Nov. 11, a banquet.

The purpose, of course, is to help reduce the expenditures of the athletic department which, each year, has to pay out about \$16,000 to maintain its training table. We're darned if we'll stand for this type of thing. After all, under today's conditions, a chap who plays football or basketball normally gets a scholarship, free room and board. If farmers now have to raise steers to supply free lunches for left tackles, then Iowa State ought to acknowledge its poverty by closing down its 20,000-capacity stadium, shucking off a couple of its seven football coaches and letting the girls in the home economics department make peanut butter sandwiches for the whole damn team.

PRESIDENTS AT THE TRACK

One of the disadvantages of living in the White House is that you can't be seen around race tracks without danger of losing the next election. General Eisenhower, no longer eligible for the presidential stakes, was able to come to Belmont Park last Saturday and stand in the winner's circle while his wife presented the trophy. He was there, in a sense, as a supplementary entry, according to New York Racing Association's chairman of the board, John W. Hanes, "because Governor Rockefeller turned us

down." (Rockefeller is still an eligible for the 1964 stakes.)

It is well known that some distinguished Presidents shared the passion of their constituents for horse racing. George Washington told of his wins and losses in his diary. Andrew Jackson was the Hirsch Jacobs of his day. "He worked a horse to the limit of endurance," his biographer records, "but somehow implanted in him a will to win."

The last President to be seen at track-side was Rutherford B. Hayes, who went to the old Lexington track in 1880, his last year in office.

We don't like to tell Presidents what they should or should not do with their spare time or their money, but we do think that the voters should allow a President the relaxation and exhilaration of an occasional sunny afternoon at the race track.

THE OLD WAYS

One thing you can say about Albert, he knows his place. In Florida, that's important, especially for alligators, which



Albert is. Albert's place is a wire-covered pit on the campus at the University of Florida, because he is the mascot for the football team. Now up North they have those fresh mascots that go to the games and try to show off and stir things up. But not Albert. He just lies in his pen and soaks up sunshine. And it works out pretty well. Last year the team won eight and lost two.

There was a little scuffle about Albert recently. Three of Florida's best football players took a bet they couldn't get Albert out of his cage and keep him there five minutes. It was just a little fun, but somebody hit Albert on the tail with a hatchet and President J. Wayne Reitz

continued

FIRESTONE WINS 38th STRAIGHT

WORLD'S TOUGHEST 500-MILE TEST IS PART OF AN ANNUAL 425-MILLION-MILE RESEARCH PROGRAM THAT BUILDS BETTER TIRES FOR YOU



A. J. Foyt, 1961 winner at 138.131 m.p.h. says:

"You've got plenty on your mind out there without having to worry about your tires. So you pick tires you know you can trust. And if you know tires, you pick Firestones."

INDIANAPOLIS (May 30, 1961)—They thundered a fierce half-thousand miles here today. And for the 38th straight time in this main event of American racing, the winner streaked to victory on Firestone tires.

It's no coincidence that racing's winningest drivers buy Firestones. Miles of treacherous turns and sizzling straightaways have taught them Firestones stand up best under the worst beatings a track can offer.

NEW ALL-ACTION TREAD DELIVERS UP TO 36% MORE MILEAGE

Intensive speedway research has taught Firestone ways to build better, safer tires for you, like the famous Nylon 500, for example. Its new All-Action tread, Safety-Fortified nylon cord body and Firestone Rubber-X-101 combine to deliver up to 36% more mileage. Its new tread gives your car a firmer foothold at higher speeds. It helps start you faster and stop you more surely. Even eases steering.

Get Nylon 500's—and get all the benefits of Firestone speedway research, plus a 27-month guarantee against road hazards. Just charge them or buy on easy payday terms, if you wish, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

EVERY NEW FIRESTONE TIRE IS GUARANTEED

(1) Against defects in workmanship and materials for the life of the original tread. (2) Against normal road hazards (except repairable punctures) encountered in everyday passenger car use for the number of months specified. * Under these guarantees repairs are made without charge; replacements are provided on tread wear and based on list prices current at time of adjustment.



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SPEEDWAY-PROVED FOR YOUR TURNPIKE SAFETY

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[No races during the war years.]



1917 Ford Model T race car.



1918 Ford Model T race car.



1919 Ford Model T race car.



1920 Ford Model T race car.



1921 Ford Model T race car.



1922 Ford Model T race car.



1923 Ford Model T race car.



1924 Ford Model T race car.



1925 Ford Model T race car.



1926 Ford Model T race car.



1918 Ford Model T race car.



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1927 Ford Model T race car.



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1918 Ford Model T race car.



1919 Ford Model T race car.



1920 Ford Model T race car.



1921 Ford Model T race car.



1922 Ford Model T race car.



1923 Ford Model T race car.



1924 Ford Model T race car.

RACE AT INDIANAPOLIS



1961 Bob Olson, 115.47 m.p.h.



1961 Phil Fisher, 115.47 m.p.h.



1961 M. Rex, Jr., 115.17 m.p.h.



1961 Jim MacIn, 115.17 m.p.h.



1961 George Bohner, 115.15 m.p.h.



1961 Jimmy Ryan, 115.15 m.p.h.



1961 Wayne Ross, 115.13 m.p.h.



1961 Roger Ward, 115.13 m.p.h.



1961 Mark Ross, 115.12 m.p.h.



1961 Jim Rathmann, 115.12 m.p.h.



1961 Bill Bellard, 115.12 m.p.h.



He loves
my Mommy's
Arpege!



SCORECARD *continued*

made all three of those boys ineligible to play next fall.

People got pretty mad, and some of the trash wanted to send Albert to the taxidermist. But they quieted down. Now State Senator J. A. Boyd has put up a bill making alligator wrestling "a supplemental educational pursuit in any state university with full accreditation as physical education." And any student reprimanded for molesting an alligator "shall be forthwith credited with not less than one semester hour of credit."

The bill never was called up for passage, but the senator believes Reitz will get the message and let those boys play. He probably will, too, and there won't be any trouble, that is, if nobody butts in and they just let Florida handle this its own way.

MINORS IN PIGSKIN

Thus fall the cities of Columbus, Akron, Cleveland, Louisville, Grand Rapids and Indianapolis will each be represented by a team in the United League, a new pro football minor league. Each team will schedule 10 games, most of them to be played on Saturday nights. The players will be rejects of the American Football League and former college and high school players who decided not to enter major league pro football. Salaries will average about \$50 a game, and the only full-time employee of each club will be the head coach. Ticket prices will range from \$1 to \$3 a game.

Eventually, of course, the United League hopes to obtain long-lasting working agreements with either of the major football leagues and thus serve as a farm system. To us, a pro football minor league sounds like a good idea, but if these towns become saturated by televised major league pro football every week, the United may die a very quick death.

FITNESS IN ISRAEL

Reuven Dafni, a partisan fighter in Yugoslavia during World War II, who helped smuggle some 2,000 Jews and 114 downed Allied flyers out of the clutches of the Nazis, has been appointed head of Israel's new Sports and Education Authority.

Dafni, 47, was a champion high jumper in his youth and a good shotputter. He is broad-shouldered, muscular, erect and looks 10 years younger than he is, but he will need all his energy

continued

FACES IN THE CROWD



FRED HILL, an Ohio-born, drove winning horses in all eight races of opening-day harness racing at Beaverville (Ill.). Fairgrounds—the first such sweep at a North American meet and the most consecutive races won on this continent.



JUNE JORDAN, 23-year-old wife of a Florida fishing captain, hooked into a whopping 203-pound tarpon while fishing with her husband at Marathon, Fla. Later learned she had landed the first tarpon weighing over 200 pounds ever caught in U.S. waters.



DENNIS DAVIS, English engineer and member of a mountaineering team that set out to scale Nanga, the treacherous 25,850-foot, blade-like peak just west of Everest, one of the highest unclimbed peaks in the Himalayas, was first to gain the top.



JUANITA FREDERICKS of Hahad, N.D., Colorado State University sophomore who majored in secretarial administration, finished first in the barrel race and fourth in the post-race at the Chardon (Neb.) State Stampede, took the All-Around Cowgirl title.



TOM KLECATSKY, South St. Paul H.S. senior who rowed 1,400 miles a year, teamed with Bruce Larson, also of South St. Paul, finished six lengths ahead of nearest shell in winning junior doubles in National Schoolboy Rowing on Washington's Potomac River.



ULLIS WILLIAMS, smooth-striding, bespectacled senior at Compton (Calif.) High School, set a national basketball record when he ran the 440 in 46.1 at Ontario, Calif., bettered the mark of 46.3 set earlier this year by Ted Nelson of Andrews, Texas.

Wherever you go  you look better in an Arrow shirt



Photographed for Arrow at Portchester Castle, England, 6½ hours by Pan American Jet Clippers

Arrow sport shirts with a breezy British Aire



Arrow British Aire sport shirts give a man all the cool comfort he could ask of any shirt. The fabric is a breezy cotton. The collar, the airy Arrow Trimway. Even the colors are cool! But cool comfort and color are only part of the story. Like all Arrow sport shirts, British Aire has famous Arrow contour tailoring...fits so well it looks personally measured. Arrow British Aire sport shirts are minimum-care wash and wear. And they're "Sanforized" labeled for lasting fit. From 4.00.

 **ARROW** 

THE AMERICAN QUALITY of GREATNESS



GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, SAN FRANCISCO

American ingenuity created the largest suspension bridge in the world
American skill created the world's finest tasting whiskey!

Unsurpassed skill, the masterful blending of America's greatest whiskeys and spirits, gives today's Lord Calvert the rare combination of delicate yet definite lightness...a soft mellowness never before achieved...truly superior flavor. The American Quality of Greatness is in every drop. Our pride is in every bottle.

LORD CALVERT



Lord Calvert salutes the engineers of America, whose skill and creative ability personify The American Quality of Greatness.

and ingenuity in his new job of making Israelis more physically fit and sports-minded. "Frankly," Dafni said recently, "I think the job is 98% impossible."

Among the obstacles are de-emphasis of sports by Jews from time immemorial, a lack of money and gym facilities and, most important of all, control of sports in Israel by political parties.

Another of Dafni's problems is that Orthodox Jews observe their Saturday Sabbath zealously. They frown on Saturday soccer as a form of work. It will be up to Orthodox lawyers to decide whether players who scuff the earth are thereby working at turning the soil. Dafni hopes to popularize Sabbath volleyball, played on a cement court.

In Dafni's favor is the fact that Israelis want to remain physically fit to defend their borders; they also recognize the need of sports to combat growing juvenile delinquency.

Dafni is used to cracking hard nuts. Besides his courageous war work—the Nazis put a price of \$40,000 on his head—he fought the battle of Hollywood when he was Israeli consul in Los Angeles in 1948. "I was," he said wryly last week, "the confidant of every neurotic Jew in Hollywood."

Dafni does 20 minutes of calisthenics every day in his Jerusalem apartment and reads the Bible for another 20. He might well exhort those of his countrymen who are soft with these words from *Isaiah*: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- Eddie Sachs, who lost last week's Indianapolis "500" by 8.28 seconds because he made a late pit stop (see page 24), explained his reason for the stop thus: "The rubber on my tires was gone, the cords were gone, I was on canvas and knew the next thing I was going to be on was air."
- Convicts who have been boxing in prelims at the Miami Beach Auditorium will no longer be allowed to do so. L. W. Griffith, the director of the state's road camps, says he does not want his prisoners exposed to boxing's evil influences.
- Doc Kearns, manager of Archie Moore, was asked recently what people called Moore's spar mate, Greatest Crawford, for short. "Great," said Kearns.

CLARKS DESERT[®] BOOT GOES TO SEA



MADE OVER THE FAMOUS CLARKS DESERT CASUAL LAST, THE NEW DESERT KHAN IN WASHABLE WHITE LEATHER WITH NON-SLIP RIBBED SOLE IS THE FINEST THING OF ITS KIND—FOR YACHTING, RESORT WEAR AND FOR PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE. IN WOMEN'S STYLES, TOO. AT BETTER STORES



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WHITE WASHABLE LEATHER. SOLE: FINED GRIT/SLIP. AND IN AIR TIGHT BROWN OR BLACK LEATHER. (W/SHOCK-RESISTANT SOLE) — \$14.95

SAND OR LOCH GREEN BRUSHED LEATHER. (GRABING STRAP HOE) — \$12.95

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A-H-H-NI!
(HEARD
THE WORLD
OVER
...AFTER
A GLASS
OF TUBORG.)

CENTURIES OF DANISH BREWING SKILL, LOCKED IN THE COOL SHADE OF A GREEN BOTTLE. IMPORTED FROM COPENHAGEN...TUBORG BEER.



JOYS OF A JUNE WEEK

Army and Navy, those classic rivals, celebrate graduation time with fun and games at West Point and Annapolis, and both win approval from several thousand pretty guests

by RAY CAVE

Whether you were the type who loves a parade, the sort who goes where the girls are or simply a connoisseur of athletic Donnybrooks—the place to be last Saturday was either West Point or Annapolis. On the stern high bluffs above the Hudson were the pomp and pageantry of an Army graduation week, hundreds of pretty young ladies who had come from every state in the union and an Army-Navy baseball game that starred a

DISPLAYING CRUSHING DEFENSE THAT WON LACROSSE GAME, ARMY'S GLENN ADAMS (14) AND OICK BUCKNER BLOCK NAVY'S BOB HILL



very famous athlete (see page 22). And on the gentle slopes of the Severn, the Navy offered more gold bead and brass bands, more beauties and a lacrosse game with a national championship at stake.

When Navy held its pep rally on Thursday evening, two days before the game, it had no inkling that the Army lacrosse team was nursing a year-long grudge. The likelihood of athletic successes was adding to the normal joys of the Annapolis June Week. An electric "Beat Army!" sign flashed from Bancroft Hall, the

world's biggest dormitory, which houses all 3,665 of the midshipmen.

Rear Admiral John F. Davidson, the academy superintendent, was introduced at the rally by a glib midshipman as "Big Daddy," and he took it gamely while the exuberant muddies cheered. Already the first dates were arriving for their week-long stay, a social assembly that would include three dances, three parades, a concert by Duke Ellington and an address by President Kennedy at graduation. Tough old Navy captains with houses on the academy

grounds were helplessly watching their wives take in girl boarders by the score, while the graceful but small colonial town of Annapolis (23,385) was preparing its boarding houses for 50,000 visitors. (Also ready: the town's 200 legal slot machines, the biggest concentration of one-armed bandits east of Las Vegas.)

The town's narrow streets, meanwhile, looked like a scene from a Monte Carlo road rally. Four hundred graduating first classmen had bought cars. On May 27 regulations preventing them from using automobiles had been lifted, and

continued

USING ARM THAT SHUT OUT ARMY TO GOOD ADVANTAGE, NAVY PITCHER CHUCK DAVIS RECEIVES A KISS FROM RUTH ANN CASSIDY





CONSOLATION PRIZE for young picbe Midshipman Richard Halbert, whose lacrosse team lost to West Point, is the radiant smile and admiring gaze of lovely Elaine Kovac of St. Louis.

convertible sport models in flaming red, were obviously this year's choice.

"I know we'll do well," summed up the admiral as he spoke at the Thursday pep rally. "Army, Army, call the doctor," sang the midshipmen while they waved their bright white hats and stood impressively tall in the short-sleeved, tropical uniforms that Navy wears in such hot spots as Guam, Panama and Annapolis.

The next morning the Navy lacrosse team was practicing on an athletic field so close to the Severn River (which is actually a tidal backwater, not a river at all) that when Coach Bill Bilderback arrived his first words were, "Don't throw the balls in the water."

The Navy squad should be able to throw well enough to miss a river. Last year it was unbeaten in college play, ending the season by defeating a favored Army team at West Point. (That was the game which Army was remembering so well this week.) This season Navy won nine more consecutive college games, but frequently in such hairbreadth fashion that John Paul Jones would have given up the ship as lost. Navy was badly behind against every major opponent. It trailed Maryland 5-1 in the second half and fought back to win in overtime. It was behind 8-4 to Baltimore University in the last period, and scored in the last minute to beat Virginia.

Speed and stamina, not lacrosse finesse, seemed to be winning for Navy. At the beginning of the season the Middies were actually given little chance of another title. "But we kept improving every game," said Coach Bilderback, sounding a little surprised himself. Navy was getting excellent play from a big (6 feet 2 inches) attack man, Tom Mitchell, had an outstanding defenseman in Team Captain Neil Reich and six football players who provided some brute force. The most noticeable of these was John Hewitt, captain of next year's football team. Navy's 1961 lacrosse philosophy was simple: run, run, run, and eventually the other fellow won't be able to get up and down the 110-yard field. This worked all year.

But if Navy was a surprise, Army was more so. In the state of Maryland there is a tendency to feel that a man cannot play lacrosse unless he is raised within 40 miles of Baltimore. Army was poobpoohed for playing a weak schedule, and accused of using more muscle than



CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS John Hewitt (right) and Roger Kissel, traditional Ring Dance ceremony with Lorie Karpy (left) and Carol Flenken. Girls will dip escorts' class rings in water from seven seas.

talent. "Animals," a Baltimore newspaper said of the Army team, after carefully making an exception of the Marylanders on it.

One little non-Marylander, however, was a 5-foot 8-inch, 154-pound twirling nuisance named Pat Hillier, who was from Long Island. His 20 goals led Army's scorers. "Best we've seen," said the Navy scouting report bluntly, after listing six things he did well. Another was 155-pound Rusty Broshous, from the town of West Point, N.Y.

In the midfield Army had Ron Hannon, a 1961 version of Pete Dawkins. Hannon was first captain of cadets, star of the basketball team and, as Navy put it, "a rough, tough midfielder." The Army defense was composed of three football players, none of whom had handled a lacrosse stick before their second year at West Point. "Our stickwork isn't the best, but we hit people," said one of them, Glenn Adams, a big, fast football halfback with a knack for understatement.

Army Coach Jim Adams—tall as a Texan, laconic as a down-Easter and actually (of course) from Baltimore—

felt that his team, like Navy, also had developed late in the season. And it had two other striking similarities to Navy: a tough defense and the run, run, run philosophy. "We'll just try and keep up with them," Coach Adams said. He made it sound wistful. Bilderback was also sounding wistful. Looking at the national lacrosse trophy which Navy has kept since last year's victory, he said, "I hope I won't be wrapping it up soon."

Despite occasional showers, more than 6,000 paid their way into the Navy stadium on Saturday. CBS-TV was also there, taping the game for a sports spectacular to be shown five days later. What they got was a spectacular game. The Navy defense gave Army only 10 shots in the first half (20 is average). But Army, body-checking, battering and, most of all, running, as it substituted four different sets of midfielders, kept its poise. Poor Navy shooting resulted in a 2-2 tie at half time. Then, in the space of 51 frantic seconds shortly after the start of the third period, Navy poured in three goals. Against any less resolute opponent this would have ended the game. At the same time the crowd was cheer-

ing the news (announced on loudspeakers) that Navy had won in Army-Navy track, tennis, golf and baseball.

But Army coolly tightened its defense, began putting two men to chasing the Navy player with the ball, and got away with it when "untirable" Navy started slowing down. Army scored while a Navy player was off the field with a penalty, scored again when a midfielder broke through all alone at the goal, and finally tied the game at 5-5 when a beautiful bounce shot by Hannon skidded in.

The blitz continued when a daring pass the full length of the field set up a goal by Broshous. A minute later Broshous brazenly stole the ball from the Navy goalie and flipped it in for a score. In the last moments of the third period Army Captain Sam Wilder almost casually held the ball behind the Navy goal, then came out to his left and scored with exactly one second left. This, the last of six straight Army goals, was doubly discouraging to Navy and proved decisive, because the Middies fought back to 9-8 before finally losing 10-8. So determined was Army's defense that not a single Navy goal was made by a single string

continued

attack man. Army's Broshous and Hillier each scored twice.

At the final gun the air was filled with sticks, gloves and helmets thrown high by the Army players. The Army substitutes, who had stood up the entire game as if to show the team's determination, joined the melee. Happy Jim Adams was carried to the dressing room and congratulated by an Army general wearing a "Beat Navy!" button just below six impressive rows of service decorations on his uniform.

"Your boys wanted it real bad," said Navy's beaten Bilderbeck to Adams. "Lots of guts." And it must be said that Navy gave nothing away; Army simply took it.

The victory left it up to the Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association to either name Army national champion, or make both Army and Navy co-champions because each lost one game, Army to Virginia. But whatever they do, Army has what every Army team wants most, the win over Navy. Minutes later the Army team was roaring and shouting as its bus crawled through the traffic back to the Navy field house. There it grabbed Jim Adams, starched shirt and all, and threw him over a sea wall into the Severn. As his players were about to let him fly, a frantic Navy voice of authority was heard shouting, "Don't! Don't! The

tide's out!" But Navy was just a little too slow again. There was, it turned out, enough water to float Jim Adams, the happiest man at June Week.

MEANWHILE, UP AT WEST POINT . . .

Perhaps what the Navy lacrosse team needed was Joe Bellino, whose mere presence on an athletic field seems to turn Army to jelly. Unfortunately for the lacrossers, Bellino was at West Point last Saturday helping to win the baseball game 3-0. Army also lost at track and golf, but the pretty girls—weekend dates—who fluttered about the academy gained Army at least a tie for the day.

The baseball game was Bellino's final appearance as a member of a Navy team, and he departed in glory, doubling home the first run and scoring the second. Chuck Davis, a tall, brawny left-hander, pitched the shutout, the third straight year he has beaten Army. After the game the Army coach congratulated him. "Glad to see you graduate," he added.

Bellino, of course, also graduates this week. Four days later he will marry Ann Tansey, a girl from his home town of Winchester, Mass. After the honeymoon Joe will play in two all-star summer football games, then return to Annapolis, where he will be an assistant football coach. When the season is over he will

be assigned sea duty aboard a destroyer.

This was not a great baseball season for Bellino. His throwing arm had been injured in the Orange Bowl game when he made that marvelous somersault catch of a pass for Navy's second touchdown. He had to switch from catcher to the outfield. At bat, Bellino was given a variety of soft pitches, high and wide. "We'd draw crowds at every game," said Bellino recently. "A lot of people came to see—well, to see me hit, I guess." So Bellino swung at bad pitches. Even so he hit .274 and led the team in home runs and runs batted in as Navy won 24 games and lost only two.

A great responsibility goes with being a Navy hero, and during his career at Annapolis, Joe Bellino fulfilled it with modesty and maturity. The social demands made on him before this Army game would have disturbed many athletes. He was almost never alone. Brass wanted to shake his hand. Old grads told him old stories. One little boy wanted to snap his picture. "You'd better move your hand away from the lens, son," Joe told him patiently. "You'll have a fine picture of your finger."

After the game it started to drizzle. The stands emptied and the two teams left for the dressing rooms. All that remained was a cluster of children out near the pitcher's mound. In the middle stood Joe Bellino, signing autographs.

—WALTER BINGHAM



SWINGING FOR NAVY. Joe Bellino, many times a football hero, doubled home his team's first run in Midship's 3-0 victory at West Point.

SORRY FOR ARMY. Cadet Thomas C. Brewer (right) explains to pretty and concerned Jill Graff at the game that you can't win 'em all.



A NEW ERA OPENS AT INDY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

The 50th anniversary '500' was a festival of American superlatives, but even in ninth place Britain's Cooper carried the flag of change

by KENNETH RUDEEN

In all its aspects, last week's Indianapolis 500-mile race was a star-spangled hit. The race itself, on its 50th anniversary, was a marvel of speed and suspense, with seven different leaders and a last-act curtain to take one's breath away. Driver Eddie Sachs, by stopping to change a treadbare tire just three laps from the end, snatched defeat from victory, leaving his pursuer, A. J. Foyt, to claim the \$117,975 winner's purse.

Everything else was measured in superlatives, biggest crowd (about 250,000 people); fastest, best-prepared field of cars; largest total purse (\$400,000); record average "500" speed (139.130 mph); and even an unparalleled outpouring of nostalgia as Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Ray Harroun and Earl Cooper circled

the speedway in their restored and rackety old Indy racers.

How apple-pie American, how splendid it was—and how deceiving. For besides its cornucopia of American good things, the "500" also contained a small foreign omen for the future. This was the British Cooper-Climax car, driven to ninth place by Australia's World Champion Grand Prix Racer Jack Brabham. The Cooper's presence almost certainly marked the end of an Indianapolis epoch and the beginning of a new one, in which a sharp international rivalry will be added to the Brickyard's matchless wheel-to-wheel competitiveness.

The race proved once again that the American Indy roadsters—dominant for nearly ten years—are swift and spec-

tacular. But it also revealed once more the roadsters' less-than-perfect manners and their vulnerability. Apart from the five cars involved in a scary homestretch accident on the 52nd lap, no fewer than 16 roadsters were disabled by mechanical failures before the finish. Mostly to blame were the "terrible power impulses," causing great interior stresses, for which the four-cylinder Indy Offenhauser engines are notorious.

By contrast, the Cooper ran smoothly from start to finish and demonstrated handling qualities far superior to the roadsters. Furthermore, it took a really diabolic fan to thrill to the roadster's basic design. Says one impious car owner: "It is a refinement of the pre-war passenger car, solid axles and all."

CRUCIAL PIT STOPS IN THE "500." Below, in drawings made on the scene, are those moments of furious action when, in the last stages of the race, the seeming winner had victory torn from him—and then handed back. Young A. J. Foyt sits disconsolate in his Buick Seal Fast Special (below) as Criesman Frank Cata-

nia hurriedly dumps fuel into the tank. Foyt had a small but snug lead and only 16 laps to go when he made this unplanned stop after his engine started misfiring. Pulling in, he learned to his horror that he had received no fuel in the previous stop—the coupling between hose nozzle and fuel tank had become defective. As Foyt



Thus, while giving the roadster full marks, one can honorably and even patriotically suggest that design progress is overdue. Actually, the subject is academic, for the Cooper has generated so much ferment, both abroad and at home, that progress will come willy-nilly.

And if that ninth-place finish seems a trifling accomplishment, consider another first-race precedent: in 1957 Chevrolet, with its vast resources, could make no more than an expensive sputter with the all-out Corvette SS sports car in its one and only race—the Sebring 12 Hours.

Consider also that the Cooper-Climax people (entering Indy for the first time with a car designed in the Grand Prix road racing—not U.S. track racing—tradition and with a maiden "300" driver) made two serious errors in judgment and had one piece of bad luck. The first error was to rely upon soft alloy hub nuts. During each of the Cooper's three pit stops the threads of the right rear hub and wing nut crossed and jammed as a crewman replaced the tire. Mostly because of this, the Cooper crew logged more than twice the pit time of the slickest American crews. The second error was to have Brabham stroke along at 135 to 136 mph in the middle part of the race while the leaders were going up to 160 mph faster. This was done in the hope that only two tire changes would

be necessary—but a third stop had to be made anyway, thus adding to the time already squandered in the go-slow move.

Little green fish

Finally, it was Brabham's bad luck to be trapped like a fish in a net as the second flight of racing cars through the laps leading to the big accident (in which, luckily, no one was seriously hurt). The Aussie knew he hadn't enough engine to keep up with the roadsters on the straights. To be competitive, then, he had to produce the record-breaking cornering speeds he had displayed in the practice trials. But as the early chargers drew away, Brabham found himself boxed in the turns by roadsters "going so slow I could have walked faster," but which he was unable to pass in the following straights.

"We rather mucked it up," said British-born Dr. Frank Falkner of Louisville, Cooper's American representative. "We should have decided on three stops at the beginning and gone fast all the way."

He was echoed by Vic Barlow, a technician for Britain's Dunlop tire firm, which provided special Indy tires for the Cooper. "We are satisfied with the way these tires performed," said Barlow, "but we could have done much better. We are going back now to design a bet-

ter tire. We've got to get it down to two pit stops."

Brabham affected to be uncertain whether he'd be back in 1962, noting that his wife, whom he calls "Mum," had observed the hair-raising five-car "shunt." "I'll have to see what Mum thinks about it," he said, grinning. But Cooper admitted he would "love to— if they'll have us." There seemed to be no doubt, moreover, that other European factories, all producers of sweet-handling rear-engined cars, would deal themselves in on the rich Hoosier party before very long. Italy's Enzo Ferrari has all but confirmed that he will try to realize next year "the always cherished dream" of winning the "500." England may be represented by Lotuses as well as Coopers. Other possibilities are British Vanwalls and BRMs and Italian Maseratis.

Meanwhile, America's racing corps will be under heavy pressure to develop creative designers rather than mere "builders," who have got by so far by paring a little weight from last year's roadster and squeezing a few more horsepower from the already overworked Offy engine. The most eminent roadster builder, A. J. Watson, says he'll have an independently sprung car in next year's race.

The breakthrough has begun. **END**

sat with bowed head and Citania weeded for 15 frenzied seconds with a borrowed nozzle. Foyt's closest pursuer, Eddie Sachs, took an apparently unbeatable 30-second lead. But, with three laps to go and with no warning, Sachs rolled his Deen Van Lines Special into the pits. His right rear tire had worn to the cord fabric

and soon would have blown. With desperate speed a mechanic removed the retaining hub nut, slammed on a new wheel and hammered it home, then (below right) helped push Sachs away. It took only 21 seconds to change the tire. That was too long; Foyt, already in sight on the homestretch, won by 8.28 seconds.



BY THE NUMBERS RED CHINA GETS INTO SHAPE

The Communist world has made many assaults on cultural pursuits during the past 40 years, but even the expert Russians are impressed—and perhaps alarmed—by a crash sports program begun in Red China four years ago. Awesomely mammoth, it may soon vault Chinese athletes into the leading ranks of world sport. Its avowed purpose is to improve the health and ability to work —of every Chinese citizen. Obviously,



should the occasion arise, it would also make better soldiers of them.

Almost every man, woman and child of China's huge 670 million population is touched by the program. In place of the coffee break of the Western world, China has an exercise break twice a day seven days a week. Arm swings and deep knee bends are done to a break count barked over a radio loudspeaker. Everywhere people shoot baskets, swim

ivers, climb mountains and even participate in delayed-opening parachute jumps.

For the best athletes there is a special, far more intense program designed to produce 40 million physical culturists. Red China's leader, Mao Tse-tung, hopes that by 1967 these athletes will be able to pass the toughest of physical tests. They train in big sports centers that have sprung up all over China, each equipped with a swimming pool, a gymnasium, a

track and playing fields. The students below are exercising outside the largest and best equipped of these centers Peking's athletic academy, started in 1958—and, like most other Chinese, they are doing their two-a-day mass calisthenics. From one Czechoslovakian athlete, Jiri Skobla, who competed in China recently, there comes a warning: "Woe to the world's best athletes when the Chinese sports colossus gets into real stride."

CONTINUED





**A NEW SPORTS PALACE
FOR AN AMBITIOUS PEOPLE**

Newest monument to China's drive for athletic supremacy is the Workers Gymnasium in Peking. Rushed to completion in 11 months, the arena in April housed the 26th World Table Tennis Championships, the first such sports event ever held in China. The concrete, glass, marble and granite structure seats 15,000 and rises like a huge cake 120 feet into the air. The extremely partial Chinese, few of whom had heard of table tennis 10 years earlier, wildly applauded every hard smash, urging their teams to defeat Japan and win well-deserved—although expected—world titles.



FISHERMEN AT THE NET

Young seiners in Fujian Province play volleyball over a fish net stretched between boat masts. Under Chiang Kai-shek volleyball became China's national pastime, and was played in private and public schools, police and army barracks from Peking to Canton. A game requiring little equipment but great agility and superior teamwork, it has continued to grow and prosper under the Communists, and today's dedicated Red Chinese teams are among the world's best.

HIGH JUMPER AT REST

First Asian woman to hold a world record, China's High Jumper Cheng Feng-yung rests on field with Jolanda Bala of Rumania, who later topped Cheng's mark. After cautious tests of its world sports status, Red China quit major international competition in 1958, ostensibly in protest over recognition of Nationalist China teams. It may forget its pique when it decides it has enough potential winners to conquer the rest of the world, Communist as well as capitalist.

CONTINUED





**THREE DASHING WOMEN
IN A MONGOL SETTING**

In a Tartarlike charge, women jockeys barrel past domed pavilion on tough plains ponies during the women's 2,000-meter event at the national horse race championships. As in the Soviet Union and other Communist countries, Red Chinese women compete in most of the men's sports, even have their own grenade-hurling contests.



TRIO OF SKY DIVERS

Precision parachutists, far removed from the meek and subjugated women of Chinese tradition, pose with flowers after winning the world championship in the 1,000-meter jump, breaking the Russian women's record. Male Chinese sky divers also hold jumping records. Recent visitors to China—a land with few TV sets or movie houses—report astounding enthusiasm for sports. "The main problem of coaches," said one, "is keeping athletes from killing themselves."

SWORD DANCER

The Communists have not censured or discarded folk art. Red China's leaders have fostered participation in their country's oldest forms of athletics along with the new. Here Li Fu-Mei of Shanghai, women's all-round winner in a "traditional sports" contest, performs "The Sword Dance." China's best athletes are accorded the title of Master of Sports and receive top food rations. They devote full time to training but by Communist definition remain "amateurs."



CARRY BACK WAS WAY BACK AT BELMONT

The 65-to-1 shot, Sherlock, knocked off the favorite, ruined Jack Price's Triple Crown hopes and emptied the pockets of thousands

by WHITNEY TOWER

The 93rd running of the Belmont Stakes at the antiquated but always-beautiful old Long Island plant was geared for a victory by Carry Back—the choice of the people, the experts and even a former President of the U.S.

The day was cloudy at the start, drizzly as it wore on. But the weather did not bother the customers. More than 50,000 showed up to see if Carry Back would pull one of his electrifying runs

from way back, the kind that had brought him home triumphantly in the Flamingo, the Florida Derby, the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness. Co-owner, Trainer and Breeder Jack Price, more nervous than he'd been since the pre-Triple Crown days at Hialeah, admitted, in an out-of-character statement: "I want to win the Belmont more than any other race in the world," Katherine Price, who does not lose her poise even under the most trying conditions, added, "I think Carry Back is deserving enough

to win. I just hope we are deserving enough, too."

When the Prices were introduced to former President Eisenhower, who was attending a race track for the first time in 15 years, Ike wished them luck and meant it. "My good friend Bob Kleberg has a horse in this race," he told them, "but I'd sort of like to see a Triple Crown winner." The huge crowd, too, contributed to the drama, whooping and hollering for the Eisenhowers and cheering, praying for and betting the Prices' horse.

continued

SADNESS IN CARRY BACK'S CAMP SHOWS IN JACK PRICE'S GRIMACE AS MRS. PRICE TURNS AWAY AND JOCKEY SELLERS' WIFE WEEPS





Toasting "The King over the Water," traditional, once forbidden Scottish toast to the sealed Stewarts.

Are fragrant "heather besoms" the secret of Chivas Regal?

The wind from the brae bore the scent of flowering heather as we talked to Allan Bailie, chief blender of *Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky*. He it was who first suggested that the secret of *Chivas Regal* well may lie in the Scots' enduring loyalty to tradition.

And perhaps the wind reminded him of besoms, for he gave them as an example. Besoms are special brooms of

fresh-cut heather used when it's time to scrub the walls of the great wooden tuns in which *Chivas Regal* is created. No other implement is ever used.

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Carry Back went to the post at odds of 2 to 5—a mathematical circumstance that brought superstitious Katherine Price to further thought. “I usually jinx the other horses by betting against Carry Back,” she said, and then explained she had brought \$80 to the track to bet \$10 each on her eight rivals. Later Jack Price sadly noted that she hadn’t had time to bet—which, he joked, “cost her \$600 and probably cost me the race!” Neither of them felt well about it.

As for Carry Back, he evidently felt well enough going into the race, not so well near the end of it—and was decidedly lame 24 hours later. At the finish he was soundly trounced, beaten by more than 14 lengths and seventh to a dark bay 65-to-1 shot named Sherlock. Carry Back had beaten Sherlock by six lengths in the Derby and by nine in the Preakness. The Belmont result made sense only to those who said, “Every horse in the world has to throw in a bad one once in a while, and today was Carry Back’s bad one.”

Not to take any credit away from Sherlock, who won Keeneland’s Blue Grass Stakes in excellent time, this was both a heartbreaker and a tear-jerker of a race. As the crowd stormed the mutual windows to put their money on Carry Back, there was an unmistakable mood that drove them. They all seemed to be saying, “We may also bet other horses, because the odds are too good to turn down, but we’re all hoping that Carry Back wins. He’s obviously the best horse.”

It was just that sort of day—gloomy, but electric with hope and anticipation. When Jockey John Sellers came out to climb aboard Carry Back the Belmont crowd—which normally regards sentiment as foreign to horse racing—actually cheered him and his mount. The other eight horses drew hardly any notice.

When the field broke from the gate, the expected happened at first. Globemaster, renowned for speed, shot to the front, while Sherlock took off after him like a little boy who didn’t want to be left behind by his best friend. Then came Hitting Away, another speedster, and Bal Musette, the unseasoned colt owned by Ike’s friend Bob Kleberg. Carry Back, as usual, was way back, with Ambipose, Flutterby and Dr. Miller—all, like himself, late runners. No real excitement yet.

But Jockey Sellers apparently felt immediately that things weren’t going as

smoothly as they should. “There were nine of us jocks in this race,” he noted later, “and it seems that eight of them were watching me. I’m not saying that the boys had it in for me. What they did to me was just race-riding. They did what they had to do.”

What did they do? Well, at the start Sellers, who always takes back on Carry Back anyway, dropped in on the rail to save ground. For the next three-quarters of a mile it seemed that Bob Ussery on Ambipose and Manuel Ycaza on Guadalupe made absolutely sure that Sellers stayed inside and, furthermore, that he stayed back where they wanted him to. “It was rough, to put it mildly,” said Sellers. “There was a lot of jostling” going on, and all I can say is that when I asked for racing room, I did a lot of asking but didn’t get much.”

High time to move

Up the backstretch Globemaster, a gutty colt to say the least, led the way with Sherlock right with him. Those who had seen Sherlock fail before expected him to fade shortly. They also expected Globemaster to give way to the corps of stretch-runners behind him, and as the field neared the far turn every damp and humid field glass in the place was zeroed in on Carry Back, who was plodding along in last place. This was the moment when Sellers would send him into high gear, into one of those outside loop runs which always result in another Hairbreadth Harry finish.

Nobody was upset yet, because Carry Back was only seven lengths off the pace, far closer than he had been in Louisville or Baltimore. He still had half a mile in which to overhaul rivals presumably far more tired than he. Globemaster was still in front—but he could be discounted because everyone knew he couldn’t go a distance. Sherlock was second but he’d stop too, so they said. Hitting Away had had it, so had Bal Musette, and now everyone was yelling for Carry Back. He had finally emerged from his inside position and Sellers took him wide, as always. Dr. Miller went wide too, carrying the favorite out a little, and suddenly Sellers and Carry Back raced around the turn in the now familiar pattern of their great stretch runs. A spontaneous scream went up as Carry Back seemed on his way at last. “I thought at this point,” said Price later, “we’d win by five.”

But just as suddenly as he started his serious move, Carry Back stopped it. “I don’t know what it was,” said Sellers,

“but after all that jostling in the early part of it, maybe he just got tired of the whole thing and gave up—for the first time this year.”

The pace-setting Globemaster was just hanging on, and Sherlock, who was expected to stop cold, never did. He drew away to a two-and-a-quarter-length victory over Globemaster, with Guadalupe third and Ambipose fourth. The winning time of 2:29 1/5 was almost three seconds off Gallant Man’s track and American record.

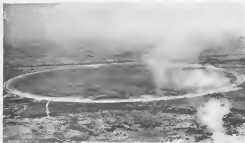
Nothing at all should be taken away from Sherlock’s triumph. He has shown real ability in some starts this year. His Belmont victory was engineered by Panamanian Jockey Braulio Baeza. In the winner’s circle, the deadpan Baeza celebrated like a bullfighter, spraying carnations to the crowd.

Sherlock, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sher of Miami and trained by the veteran Harold Young, was bought for \$10,500 at the Saratoga sales, and has now won \$162,986, thanks to the \$104,900 purse at Belmont on Saturday. “We knew he could run back to his Keeneland form,” said Owner Sher after the race. “It was just a question of when.”

In the minds of horsemen who have watched him for the last five months, it was also a question of when the courageous Carry Back would choose to “throw in a bad one.” Except for a small bruise on his left front ankle, he seemed fine after the Belmont. The next day, however, the ankle filled and was hot, and although the first X rays showed no fractures, the injury gave Carry Back a valid enough excuse for his lingering stretch run. “I think,” said Price, “he may have struck himself in the rough first turn, but that it didn’t bother him until he tried extending himself turning into the homestretch.”

Katherine Price, graceful in defeat as she is when accepting a trophy, went right to Carry Back’s stall and gave him some sugar. “I said you acted human all along,” she said to her hero. “Today you just proved it to us. If anybody asks me I’ll say it was the Triple Crown weighing so heavily over your head.” She looked through the grillwork at the little dark-brown colt, and Jack Price came and looked too. “Well,” he said, “we just lost our chance for the Triple Crown, but it can’t be helped. If Carry Back finally ran a bad race he was entitled to it.”

The tragedy of it for his millions of fans is that Carry Back’s bad race came just one race too soon. **END**



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A REAL MONSTER OF A GOLF COURSE

That is what Ben Hogan called Oakland Hills, site of the 1961 U.S. Open, back in 1951. Its treacherous greens and fairways have changed little since then, and this year's players will have to scramble to break par

by ALFRED WRIGHT

It was exactly 10 years ago this month that the first cries of pain rose from the golf course at the Oakland Hills Country Club in that well-appointed little suburb of Birmingham, Mich., some 20 miles northwest of Detroit. All the best golfers had arrived to play some practice rounds before the 1951 U.S. Open, and most of them were appalled to discover that they were about to contest the championship on one of the tightest, rolliest and least generous courses they had ever seen. The sound of their group reaction was about what you might expect if you were to drop the Vassar student body into a pasture full of field mice.

Another generation of golfers plus a few survivors of that '51 Open, including its champion, Ben Hogan, will meet at Oakland Hills again next week to play the 61st Open, but don't expect the same chorus of dismay when they first unhitch their clubs. This is not because today's athletes are in any sense harder than those of a decade ago or better able to suppress the tournament golfer's impulse to complain. Almost everybody entered will be pleasantly surprised to learn that several of the horrors of the '51 course have been removed.

Even so, Oakland Hills is still as formidable a course as any tournament will serve up to the golfers this year. To get an idea of what it is like under tournament conditions, one need only look back to 1951. Sam Snead led that tournament after the first round with a one-over-par 71, and a stroke behind him were the late Clayton Heafner, a hefty North Carolinian, and Al Besselink, a

tall young man not long out of college. At that point, people began to recall that Snead had played his first Open here in 1937 and would have won it but for a brilliant closing round by Ralph Guldahl, who was then in the midst of an astounding four-year winning streak. But the bugaboo that has followed Snead in every Open during his long career caught up with him on the second day at Oakland Hills, and he played himself out of contention with a 78.

The lead next went to Bobby Locke, the knickerbockered South African with the wonderful putting touch. Locke's closest pursuit came from Dave Douglas and Bo Winstinger. But through the second round not a single golfer in the field broke par for 18 holes, and it was to be that way until the final round on Saturday afternoon. Where was Hogan all this while? He finished the first round with a 76, six strokes over par, largely because of mental lapses. Walter Hagen, sitting in the clubhouse, was heard to pontificate, "The course is playing the

players instead of the players playing the course," an observation that was indeed true of Hogan—and Hogan knew it. The second day he went around in 73, and there is no better testimony to the character of Oakland Hills than the fact that Hogan, now nine strokes over par at the end of 36 holes, had improved his position from a tie for 41st to 16th place, only five strokes off the lead. This was at a time when Hogan was playing the very finest competitive golf of his long career.

The third round on Saturday morning was played in ideal weather, and Hogan was on the verge of an exceptional round when he reached the 14th tee three under par. On the very long par-4 14th, one of two holes at Oakland Hills so intrinsically severe that they contain no bunkers along the fairway, Hogan was short of the green in two and took a 5. His drive on the 15th was in the rough, forcing Hogan to take six strokes—two over par—on this relatively short dogleg. He took another bogey on the 17th

continued

THE HAZARDOUS 16TH, a golfer's nightmare, requires a near-perfect shot to the green, a tightly guarded neck girded by water on two sides and by deep, strong traps on the back. For another view of the 16th, turn the page.



... **AT CLOSE RANGE** the 16th becomes a peaceful, willow-lined oasis for those lucky Open competitors who have managed to reach the green in the regulation two shots. The green is not large, and the only severe undulation is the knoll (at right center). This knoll, however, can create the need for some delicate downhill putting when the cup is set at the center or on the water side of the green. Only very long punts will be troublesome when the pin is placed as it is here, where the green slopes gently and reliably toward the hole.

CONTINUED





TRAPS LIKE CANYONS front the elevated green of the long 18th (459 yards, par 4), making it one of the most punishing finish holes in golf. A player whose approach shot finishes on the opposite side of the green from the pin (as below) will have to negotiate the mounding at the center with his first putt and is in clear and present danger of three-putting. Oakland Hills' rambling Colonial clubhouse is in the background.



to finish with a 71, the second-best score of the morning, but it is significant that he lost four strokes to par on the last five holes. Oakland Hills simply won't forgive a mistake.

Hogan was uncommunicative at lunchtime. He glared at his food moodily and is supposed to have said, "I'm going to tear that course apart this afternoon." When he went out for the afternoon round he was still two strokes behind Locke and Jimmy Demaret, who had caught the leader with a par 70 during the morning. Joseph C. Dey Jr., the executive director of the U.S. Golf Association, recalls standing with Hogan on the 7th tee early in the afternoon while Hogan waited for the traffic ahead to clear. He was surprised when the usually taciturn Hogan said to him, "You know, the American sports fan puts up with a lot, doesn't he?"

"Well, I don't know," Dey answered. "The baseball and football fans sit comfortably in a stadium while the players work, but the golf fan certainly has to make a great effort."

"That's what I mean," said Hogan. "The golf fan. He parks his car a mile or so from the course and walks around all day and gets pushed and shoved by the marshals and told he can't go here or there and half the time he can't see anything at all."

"Apparently it's worth it to him," Dey said. "He's willing to go through all that to see the skill of the fine golfers."

Hogan thoughtfully fingered the head of the wooden club he was holding in his hand, looked off into the distance and said, "I guess it does take some skill to bat that little ball with this little piece of wood." A few moments later, Hogan struck a perfect iron shot stiff to the pin. As he walked through the crowd surrounding the green someone said to him, "Beautiful shot, Ben."

"Wait'll I put it in the hole," Hogan answered. Thereupon he did put it in the hole for a birdie. The important point about all this is that Hogan was hitting the ball so much the way he wanted to that he no longer felt quite the need to surround himself with the glum silence of his concentration.

Hogan finished that round with a birdie 3 on the 459-yard 18th, which he played with an enormous drive over the bunkers guarding the right side of the fairway and a mere six-iron to the green. He later described his three-under-par

67 as "the finest round of golf I have ever played."

A little while later, when Hogan accepted the Open trophy for the third time, he responded simply and with great emotion, "I'm glad I brought this course, this monster, to its knees." He did on that last day, but his total, 287 for four rounds, was seven over par. Heafner's 69 on the same afternoon was the only other subpar round of the tournament.

The misanthropes who design golf courses have two basic theories of torture. One is to plan a course so that the route to the green is not encumbered with any more problems than the natural condition of the countryside presents. But the green itself, the primary target of the golfer, is protected as zealously as a medieval fortress with all the hazards that the ingenuity of man can devise. In a general way, that is the philosophy behind the Augusta National course, where the Masters is played.

The opposite approach is to design a course so that each fairway contains certain target areas within which a player



SAM SNEAD met his first Open frustration at Oakland Hills in 1937, losing by two strokes.

must plant his shot in order to make a par. These areas are protected by bunkers and other obstacles in such a way that the shot nearest the center of the target receives the highest reward. The poorer the shot the stiffer the penalty.

courtesy

RALPH GULDAHL, 1937 WINNER AT OAKLAND HILLS, BLASTS FROM DEEP OISH BUNKER



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Donald Ross, a Scotsman of the old school who designed the original Oakland Hills course, was an exponent of the first theory, and that is the way the course played until the '31 Open. When Robert Trent Jones was called in to remodel it, he followed the second school of thought, which is the one that appeals most to the officials of the U.S. Golf Association.

The Jones version of the course that Oakland Hills first unveiled in 1951 took particular heed of the modern improve-



DOUG SANDERS' short, accurate game may give him edge on Oakland's narrow fairways.

ments in golfing equipment like steel-shafted clubs and the more tightly wound golf ball. These had made it possible for first-class golfers to drive the ball appreciably farther, so Jones arranged target areas roughly 250 yards from the tees. Some fairways were scarcely more than 20 yards wide at this point and liberally defended on each side by deep-dish bunkers.

The greens present several level areas suitable for pin positions. This is especially important for a course on which the Open is played, for the USGA feels that a fair pin placement should have at least a couple of feet of reasonably level putting surface on all sides of the hole. The over-all result, however, is that the greens undulate sharply as they recede from level to level.

Another feature of the course is the enormous teeing ground on many of the holes—several as long as 50 yards. Thus, by shifting the tees forward or to the rear, the tournament committee can vary the severity of the hazards in the target areas.

If, as the USGA believes, the best championship course is one that examines every shot in a golfer's repertoire, then Oakland Hills meets the requirement perfectly. This year seven of Jones's original 127 bunkers have been removed, one at a narrow target area on the 18th fairway and a few in front of the



BILL CASPER, 1959 champion, needs only to regain putting touch to be a major contender

greens to provide openings. But otherwise it is the same course, the same monster that only Hogan could bring to its knees in 1951.

As the three days of the Open (Thursday to Saturday, June 15 to 17) close in on us, the speculation gets more intense as to which of the original 2,476 applicants for starting positions is most likely to get the better of the Oakland Hills course. Only 150 of these entrants will make it all the way to Birmingham to tee off on the first day, but it is somehow comforting to be reminded that this tournament is, after all, a truly national championship.

So much has been written in recent months—both in these and other columns—of the tremendous performances of Arnold Palmer, the defending Open

(continued)



Check up before you crack up!

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OPEN PREVIEW *continued*

champion, and Gary Player, the new Masters champion, that it would be redundant to attempt a fresh appraisal.

But this much must be said of both of them in terms of Oakland Hills. Palmer, as everyone knows by now, is the most aggressive and daring player in tournament golf. Such a competitor must necessarily be wild at times, and Palmer certainly is, but he proved last year at Cherry Hills that tight fairways and heavy rough—the hallmark of every course on which the Open is played—are not enough to stop him when he is playing well. Oakland Hills will never intimidate him, for no course ever has done so. And Walter Hagen will never be able to say that the course played Palmer. If he is at the top of his game, as he has been so often throughout the winter and spring, Palmer will win it. That's all there is to that.

Player's cool putter

Ever since his victory at the Masters, Player has been having putter trouble, particularly on the short putts. In tournament after tournament he could be seen on the practice greens, long after he had finished his round, putting hundreds of balls at a hole from three or four feet out. He tried switching from the mallet-head putter he had used all winter and at the Masters to a blade, but still he wasn't entirely satisfied. Otherwise he was hitting the ball as well as ever. His full assortment of shots and the thoughtful way he plays them are bound to make Player a formidable contender on a course as difficult as Oakland Hills. But he will have to have full confidence in his putter on those hilly greens.

There is an annual ground swell of opinion at this time of year claiming that Sam Snead is at last going to win his first Open. It has been growing weaker with the passing years, but the time has not yet come to discount Snead entirely. He played excellent golf in winning the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions by seven big strokes early in May, and a couple of weeks later he won the tournament at his home course of Greenbrier with an eye-popping 266, one of the lowest four-round scores posted all year. In other words, Snead is playing some of his best golf right now. But golf is a game full of mental hazards, and it is difficult to see how a man of 49 can finally shoot down the albatross that has trailed him

continued



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through so many Open championships for so many years.

One of the younger golfers who must certainly come into the Open calculations for the first time this year is Doug Sanders, a slim and wiry man, who trails only Player and Palmer in money winnings on the 1961 pro tour. There has been criticism of Sanders' short backswing and wide, stiff stance, which make his swing an awkward thing to watch. But he is as straight as a Texas highway and will not be in nearly as much of Oakland Hills' trouble as some of the others. Also it must be remembered that Sanders proved his mettle in rugged competition on a tough course by winning the Colonial at Fort Worth, and more than once a Colonial victory has been a prelude to an Open victory.

A new kind of Casper

Another of this year's more consistent touring pros is Bill Casper Jr., who won the 1959 Open at Winged Foot. It is customary to think of Casper largely in terms of his putting, but lately it has been the other clubs in his bag that have kept him up front. Just after the Colonial, where he finished third, Casper was complaining that he had been using 33 and 34 putts a round for some weeks, and a pro must play awfully fine golf to remain among the leaders that way. If Casper should regain his putting touch on the treacherous Oakland Hills greens and still continue to hit the ball as he has been doing in the past several months, he might well become one of the 10 golfers in history who has won the Open more than once.

There are many others, of course, who could win. Hogan will be there, full of determination to be the only golfer in history to win five U.S. Opens. Sentimentalists will be hoping that one of our three fine amateurs of the moment—Jack Nicklaus and Deane Beman and Charlie Coe—will be the first of that breed since Johnny Goodman in 1933 to take the championship away from the professionals. Jay Hebert, last year's PGA champion, is playing as well as he ever has and far more consistently. Tommy Bolt, who won the championship at Tulsa in 1958, has played some beautiful golf lately—particularly at Pensacola, Las Vegas and Houston.

The monster at Oakland Hills may fall to its knees more than once next week. **END**



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In a blur of flashing color the victorious Ferrari of the 1960 Grand Prix of Endurance rushes past the camera of Marvin Newman who here and in six following pages reflects the special mood of France's famous race





France's Carnival Classic

The 24-hour race at Le Mans in northwestern France is, to those who love it, one of the staples of life, ranking just a cut below *pain et vin*. Besides being the world's premier road race, it is a vivid, dependable thread in the texture of French existence. Again this Saturday an immense gathering (upward of 200,000 persons) will stand in silence as drivers sprint across the track to whip the 55 sports cars into snarling life (*see below*). The crowd, fueled with countless slender loaves of crusty bread and cooled by rivers of wine, will then chat, stroll, browse through a carnival midway and occasionally watch the race whistling around the silk-smooth, 8.3-mile course. Hundreds will tent at roadside (*right*) and, rising early Sunday, hurry to learn the events of the night. This year, as last, they will probably find Italy's Ferraris invincibly ahead. Possessed of more cars (10) and more foot than any rival (America's Phil Hill broke a four-year-old lap record in early trials), Ferrari is odds-on to win over-all and Grand Touring prizes.



The start at Le Mans is traditionally one of bright, noisy confusion. Here violent-looking Ferraris lead field away from the pit area

Daylight rouses tenters from their colorful campground. Some will attend open-air Mass before returning to see how cars are faring







Grand Touring cars slip into abrupt Tertre Rouge turn. Behind them is famous Dunlop bridge, a pedestrian crossing shaped like a tire segment



A single racer flies past the pits. In the bordered upper decks auto magnates and guests lunch on poté and vintage champagne



*Racing past the tensely wakeful pits in the long
watches of the Le Mans night, cars dissolve into streaks
of light as mechanics hover over a standing auto*





BEFORE GAME WITH CUBS, RELAXED REDS DRAW POOL SLIPS ON THE BELMONT STAKES

The odds go down on Cincy

Good trades, a rookie pitcher and some odd target shooting help the Reds pull a surprise

When the experts at Reno's elite Turf Club got around to evaluating the chances of the Cincinnati Reds in the National League pennant race early this spring, they decided that the Reds were 25-1. The Phillies, as a point of comparison, were rated just behind the Reds at 50-1, and the Chicago Cubs were figured as 100-1. Last week the Turf Club had some second thoughts: they reduced the odds on the Reds to 5-1.

There are a number of cogent reasons for this drastic re-evaluation: a course in how to shoot BB guns, a conditioning program conducted by the operator of a leased game preserve, a dozen trades and the fruit of the intelligent, careful scouting system developed by former General Manager Gabe Paul. All of these things combined in the last fortnight to produce two winning streaks (nine and six games) by the Reds. As a consequence, the Cincinnati team, a consensus choice for sixth after spring training, rested precariously and briefly in first place last week.

Oddly enough the Reds were in first on the strength of their pitching; they had been diagnosed as a team with more

than enough power, much less than enough pitching. But one big, wild youngster up from the farm system via Visalia and Columbia changed that. His name is Ken Hunt, and he owns a fast ball which, in baseball phraseology, hums. For a long time it hummed somewhere outside the strike zone; this year it has been accurate as well as fast.

"We signed Hunt four years ago," says Phil Seghi, head of the Red farm system. "He was signed by one of Gabe Paul's scouts [a peculiarly sentient group who are responsible for seven of the players on the present Cincinnati club—Pitchers Hunt, Jay Hook, Jim Maloney and Jim O'Toole and Vada Pinson, Elio Chacon and Frank Robinson]. We sent him down to Dave Bristol at Visalia his first year. We knew he was wild, and we told Bristol to pitch him every four days, regardless. Dave called in after a few weeks and said, 'Do I really have to pitch this guy that often? They're gonna run me out of town.' We told Dave he had a job even if they did run him out of town; keep using Hunt. The only way a pitcher gets control is through work."

That first year, Hunt pitched 54 in-

nings and walked 75 batters. The next year, with Visalia again, he worked 150 innings and walked 185 batters. Then the work began to pay off. At Columbia, in the Sally League last year, he pitched 211 innings, walked only 134 batters and won 16 games while losing but six. Still, he was so lightly regarded when the Reds opened spring training that he was not included in the publicity release from Manager Fred Hutchinson in which the Red manager talked about rookies to look for in the Red camp.

Hunt changed that quickly; the long summers spent throwing into the grandstand and into the dirt had finally taught him control. He no longer threw high and wild. The burning fast ball clipped across the plate just over the batters' knees, and Hunt was—and is—a major league pitcher.

In that spring training camp two more things contributed to the success of the Reds, although most people did not notice. Otis Douglas, a Ph.D. from the College of William and Mary who has a 3,300-acre pheasant preserve in Virginia, showed up as Physical Conditioning Consultant. He put the Reds through a

sprightly course of calisthenics designed to stretch shoulder-girdle muscles, loosen hamstrings and strengthen ankle and knee joints. The Reds, a bit wary of all this exercise, finally were won over by the diffident but appealing personality of Mr.—or Dr.—Douglas and went into the regular season as well-conditioned as a baseball team as there was in either league. One result of this strenuous program is the fact that Cincinnati has managed to get through the first 50-odd games of the season with very few injuries and no lost time because of pulled muscles. By contrast, the Los Angeles Dodgers have had 12 top players out for varying periods with a variety of injuries, including muscle damage.

Rehabilitating a pitcher

As a concrete example of Douglas' value to the team, there is Marshall Bridges, purchased from St. Louis in August 1960. Bridges is, when healthy, a fine relief pitcher. But he has been troubled with sore heels most of his major league career. Douglas' corrective exercises cured his sore heels, and so far this year for the Reds he has appeared in seven games with no difficulty, saving one and losing one.

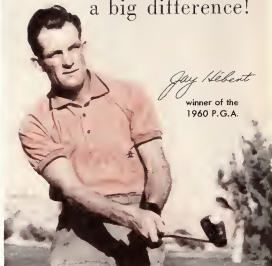
Then, too, at that training camp in Tampa, a team of frehand shooting experts tuned up the Cincinnati batting eyes by teaching them to hit an aspirin tablet with a BB gun. The other day in Cincinnati a group of Reds took a refresher course in shooting. They gathered in the right-field corner at Crosley Field and, armed with air rifles, poked away industriously at a variety of thrown targets, ranging in size from inch-and-a-half washers to BBs. Some of them, surprisingly, managed to hit the BBs. Gene Freese, the power-hitting third baseman, destroyed an Alka-Seltzer tablet with a well-aimed shot and hollered, "That's just where I hit the home run last night. On the top edge."

The shooting experts—John Hughes and Mike Jennings of Unlimited Enterprises in Columbus, Ga., both trained by Lucky McDaniell (SI, Oct. 20, 1958)—had been called in by General Manager Bill DeWitt to cure a Red batting slump. They were reasonably successful—after the unorthodox warmup with BB guns the Reds scored seven runs on the Chicago Cubs. Unfortunately, the Cubs, without benefit of BB guns, scored 10 on the Reds to knock them out of first place that day.

"Sure, the guns help," said Pitcher

continued

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But the conditioning which is still going on in a small, well-equipped gymnasium just off the Red training room in the clubhouse and the target shooting are only some of the items in the Red success. Three big differences between the 1961 and the 1960 Reds are Hunt, Freese and Don Blasingame, a fiery second baseman acquired early this year from the Giants after the Reds had struggled through an eight-game losing streak in the last two weeks of April.

"We needed some one to pull the infield together," says Manager Fred Hutchinson. "Blasingame filled the bill, so we traded Ed Bailey for him and Bob Schmidt." The trade was made on April 27, and three days later the Reds started a nine-game winning streak that carried them from last place to the upper reaches of the first division.

Trades actually have been a major factor in the making of this team. Under

Gabe Paul, the Reds acquired Pitchers Bob Purkey, Bill Henry and Jim Brosnan, Shortstop Eddie Kasko, First Baseman Gordy Coleman and heavy-hitting Outfielders Wally Post and Gus Bell.

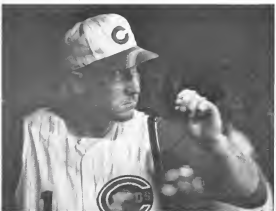
The recent trades, undoubtedly engineered by glowering Fred Hutchinson, include Gene Freese at third, Blasingame at second and Joey Jay, who has been, with Hunt, the mainstay of the pitching staff. These were made after the appointment of Bill DeWitt as general manager, but they bear the stamp of Hutchinson's knowledgeability.

Blasingame has certainly tied the previously disorganized Red inner defense together. Freese, a power hitter, has added a long ball (five home runs in six games last week) and an unerring glove to the Red cause. Jay, an in-and-out pitcher for Milwaukee, has responded to the careful, kind administration of Hutchinson by winning six games so far; he appears capable of winning 20.

The catalyst for this potpourri of baseball talent is, indeed, Hutchinson. He has a dark, forbidding face, which appears angry most of the time when he sits in the dugout, staring out disconsolately at the field. He has a hot, quick temper that flares and dies like a Roman candle. But he has, too, a deep empathy with baseball players that allows him to wheedle the last ounce of effort from them.

"He picks us up," one player said last week. "He knows us. One guy may be off and he knows why, and he works on him and on another guy, too. So the other guy gets up. An up guy picks up the team. Someone has been picking up this team all year." **END**

ARCHITECT OF VICTORY, FRED HUTCHINSON GLOWS FROM DUGOUT AS REDS LOSE



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Or maybe she likes to see where she is going. (The VW wagon has incredible visibility on hills and curves.)

If these facts don't convince her, why not give up gracefully.

(For this year, anyway.)



Sammy's still on the run

At 49, Sam Snead, winner in the Canada Cup, may be playing the best golf of his life

Winning or losing, Sam Snead makes golf news, but seldom has he made as much good golf news as he did last week at the ninth annual Canada Cup Matches in Puerto Rico. He shot an astonishing 16-under-par 272 to win the individual International Trophy by eight shots and continue his fine streak that began with a victory in the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions in May and carried through his own Sam Snead Festival two weeks later.

At 49, Snead is playing such a beautiful brand of golf that he seems almost godlike on the golf course. His swing is smooth and relaxed, his putting is firm. Even his stride is brisk and undisputed. This was the 110th tournament title of his career and many of those who watched him drive and putt and chip at the Dorado Beach course were convinced that he was playing the best golf of his life.

"I guess I'm playing as well as I ever have," Snead told a reporter after the tournament, "but I'm not nearly as long, maybe 20 yards shorter off the tee. But I'm keeping the ball in play much better than I ever have before."

This was hardly an overstatement. Snead shot 67-67-70-68 on a course that is abundantly trapped and, though lakes are a nagging danger on nine of its holes, he hit only one ball into the water. His performance dominated what is supposed to be a team championship and forced into the background two courageous performers who deserve plenty of notice themselves. One of these is a sprightly, 31-year-old professional named Ben Arda, who bounced in from the Philippines to shoot 69-69-72-76 and finish fifth in the individual standings. The other was the 51-year-old Jimmy Demaret, who joined the American team as an emergency replacement for Arnold Palmer. After a four-week layoff and

with only one practice round behind him, Demaret shot a 288 to help the U.S. twosome win the team trophy by 12 strokes over Australia.

The confusion and unpleasantness that surrounded the tournament two weeks before it started and led to the unfortunate withdrawal of Palmer, Gary Player and Stan Leonard of Canada is still very much on the minds of the people planning future Canada Cup Matches. As everyone knows by now, the three golfers were forced to drop out of this year's Matches by a stubborn, last-minute refusal on the part of the sponsors of the Memphis Open, who insisted on the appearance of all three in Tennessee, and a stubborn, last-minute threat by The Professional Golfers' Association to fine them \$500 apiece and suspend them from the U.S. pro tour for six months if they did play in Puerto Rico. Hopefully, this kind of loose coordination is a thing of the past.

"We haven't set the dates for next year's tournament in Argentina," said Frank Pace Jr., president of General Dynamics Corporation and president of the International Golf Association, which administers the Canada Cup. "We've only said it will be in the fall. When this one is over we're going to sit down with the PGA and work out a more specific date. This we're willing to do. What we are not willing to do under any circumstances is let them name the U.S. team. We'll listen to any suggestions they may have, but we have to control the selection of the players or we might just as well call the whole thing off."

Best of all

Actually, more engrossing than the hassle and almost as impressive as Sam Snead was the tournament's lustrous setting. Certainly none of the players is likely to come across anything like the Dorado Beach Hotel and Golf Club for quite a while. The players, at no expense to themselves, were cradled in beachfront apartments that would cost ordinary visitors \$30 to \$42 in the off season.

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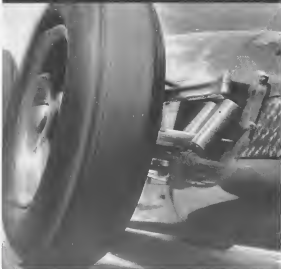
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GOLF (continued)

It was a tribute either to the stern patriotism of the 66-man field or to the singleminded determination of golfers that each entrant showed up at the first tee every day. "We've agreed," announced Celestino Tugot, speaking for the Philippines team, "that if we all become millionaires we'll come and stay here."

A severe dry spell had scorched the area for a month before the tournament began, but the course had been doused with half a million gallons of water a day, and its Bermuda fairways and greens were in superb condition for the Canada Cup. The course is located just behind the hotel area, swinging up to the sea at the 4th and 18th holes, and its fairways are flanked by towering coconut palms and bushy grapefruit trees. Designed by Robert Trent Jones, it winds around three ponds and a windswept lagoon some 600 yards long. Dorado Beach officials seem to take pleasure in announcing that 2,800 golf balls "shimmer" at the bottom of this lagoon, and that this total represents only a quarter of the balls that have found a watery grave on the course since it was opened for business in December 1958. Besides the water, the 7,115-yard course has some 130 sand traps and the Caribbean wind. These elements combine to make Dorado Beach's par 72 a difficult figure to match.

Despite the beauty of the setting, in one respect it was unfortunate that the tournament was held at Dorado Beach. Golf in Puerto Rico is somewhat less popular than cockfighting and the inaccessibility of Dorado Beach kept the galleries to a polite 300 or 400 a day until the last two rounds. One player reported he had a bigger crowd watching him swim than he had on the golf course.

Small and intent

The main purpose of the tournament was served, however, and the line showing of the Philippines team was typical of the kind of international response this event is designed to create. Arda, who is a Cebu Islander with dark skin, pitch-black hair and a little pot belly that protrudes like a melon, weighs only 124 pounds but he was the best golfer, ounce for ounce, in the field. Now a professional at the Manila Golf Club, Arda spends most of his time working in the golf shop at his course and giving lessons. He practices only rarely and

gets to play in perhaps two or three tournaments at the most in a year. In his practice rounds at Dorado Beach he produced a couple of scores in the 80s, but shot a 69 the day before play began and a 69 in the first round. Despite a cable from home saying that his wife (the mother of the five Arda children) was gravely ill with a heart attack—this later turned out to be a cruel and inexplicable fake—he shot another 69 on the second day and a par 72 on the third. The remarkable series of rounds tied him for second place with the jaunty and resourceful Australian, Peter Thomson, six shots behind Sneed. Meanwhile, Arda's 45-year-old teammate, Tugot, who devotes most of his spare time away from his course in Mindanao to the running of his 200-head cattle ranch, had shot 76-74-76 to put the Philippines team in third place in the team standings. In seven previous Canada Cup attempts the Philippines entry had never finished better than a tie for 10th. Cables of encouragement and congratulations from home poured in daily. People all over the world, in fact, could understand now that even in the Philippines it is possible to produce a world-class golfer.

On the final day Arda, perhaps rattled by the fact he and Tugot were paired with Sneed and Demaret and obviously still worried about his wife, fell to a 76, but Tugot scored a 73, his best round of the tournament, and the Philippines finished fifth in the over-all team standing. Their combined total of 585 placed them ahead of such renowned golfing countries as Wales, South Africa, Argentina, Scotland, Japan and England.

Demaret, who was delighted and surprised by his own fine play, had considerable praise for Arda and Tugot. "Those boys are two wonderful players," he said, "and they've got an awful lot of desire." They have, of course, but it is going to be many years before people forget Demaret's own determination.

Sneed sat in the locker room after his final round, drinking an ice-cold bottle of beer and mapping out his immediate schedule, which included 36 holes of practice in Detroit the following day to prepare for a 36-hole U.S. Open qualifying round the day after. Who did he think was the better golfer, Sneed was asked, the Sneed of today or the young Sneed of 20 years ago?

"This Sneed here," he replied, grinning broadly and gulping the last of his drink. He may be right, too. **END**



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TENNIS / John Lovesey

Tears and a title for Manuel

Manuel Santana wins in France and becomes the first Spaniard ever to take a Big Four championship

A champion in tears is a comparative rarity at the British tennis championships, but then the sturdy, close-cropped grass at Wimbledon encourages an equally sturdy, tight-lipped attitude toward the game of tennis. The clay courts at Paris' Roland Garros Stadium where the French championships are played, on the other hand, tend to elicit a more delicate form of tennis, one closer to the emotional Latin temperament. For the past two years, the holder of the French championship has been Italy's Nicola Pietrangeli, long acknowledged as the world's best clay-court player and certainly one of the greatest weepers in the game of tennis (SI, Dec. 26, 1960). Last week Pietrangeli lost his French title to another Latin—an emotional Spaniard who wept unashamed for a full hour after winning.

Manuel Santana, the first of his countrymen ever to win one of the big four titles, possesses a nervous temperament so delicately adjusted that two or three times a year, to the bewilderment of his doctors, he breaks out in a rash that defies all treatment. His face swells so severely that he cannot even touch it, his skin peels off and he cannot eat. Manuel was born 23 years ago in the back streets of Madrid, where his father (like the father of Alex Olmedo) worked as a groundskeeper at a tennis club. A lively, likable youngster, he himself started to play tennis at the club at 12. When Manuel's father died a few years later one of the club's wealthier members, Romero Gyrón, adopted the boy as his own.

During the next four years he acquired a formal education and a taste for music



A LOSER COMFORTS A WEeping WINNER

that included everything from Beethoven to Frank Sinatra. A permanent part of his luggage as a traveling tennis player today is a record player and a stack of discs, which he buys in large batches wherever he goes.

Santana made his first real mark in international tennis only two years ago, though whispers of his prowess preceded him. In 1959, in company with another young Spaniard named Andres Gimeno (now threatening to succeed Gonzales as the world's top professional), he took a complacent British Davis Cup team by surprise and threw them out of European Zone competition in the semifinal round.

As a touring "tennis bum," Manuel Santana made a mockery of that uncomplimentary term. He was a dedicated



WINNER DISPLAYS GLEAMING TROPHY

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED / JUNE 12, 1961

athlete who went to bed early (and alone) every night. He was a dutiful son, brother and ward who wrote reams of letters to his mother, his brothers and his guardian. And first and foremost he was the most devoted and faithful fiancé who ever trod the courts. Each day when he is away Manuel writes one or more letters to his beloved Maria Fernanda, a student in La Corunna, and in return gets at least two from her. Her life-size portrait travels with him everywhere. Around his neck he wears a gold chain and crucifix, which she gave him, and if by chance he fills in with other feminine company he talks about nothing but Maria. "If you ever," he once told a friend, "see me making up to another girl, hit me."

Slim and slight, Santana walks with the relaxed shuffle characteristic of many great athletes. "On court he sees the ball a yard faster than most others," says a top British tennis critic. The best weapon in his armament is a forehand drive with which he can put any variety of spin on the ball or produce a devastating drop shot. His weakest point is his backhand. He is a brilliant tactician with the precience of a crystal gazer during play.

Even before the play began in the finals of the French championship, Santana was reasonably confident of the future. "My plan," he admitted later, "was to keep the rallies long and make Nicky fight for all his points—that eventually makes him nervous."

For two sets the pair of them felt each other out like fencers. Honors were practically even. In the third set Pietrangeli pierced to lead 5-0 but then gave three games away before he clinched it. After a 10-minute interval Pietrangeli lost the fourth set 6-0, and Santana could hardly believe what was happening.

"When I reached 5-2 and 40-love in the fifth," he said, "I still did not feel sure of winning. As I hit my last shot, all the strings in my favorite racket snapped. For a moment I wondered what I would do. Then Nicky's passing shot went out, and I had won. It was all too much." The score: 4-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-0, 6-2.

Santana may eventually turn professional if offers are forthcoming, but it will be largely for the sake of his mother and brothers. After his historic victory, however, his thoughts were not only for the people closest to him but for Spain. "If Andres Gimeno had not turned professional," he remarked, his eyes still wet from weeping, "my country could win the Davis Cup."

END



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The boys from the men

Tommy Sullivan and Bruce Kidd are high school students, but they humbled their elders at Compton

For the self-proclaimed Greatest Track Meet in America, the 22nd Compton Invitational in Los Angeles last Friday night produced a strange denouement. The usual carload of Olympians and assorted national heroes were on hand to guarantee success, but when the running and jumping and hurling were all over, everyone crowded around two high school boys, Bruce Kidd of Toronto and Tom Sullivan of Evanston, Ill. Kidd broke numerous records, including two held by Herb Elliott, with a 13:56.4 in the 5,000 meters. Sullivan, a slim, delicate-striding boy who has schooled himself almost exclusively in the 880, ran the Compton mile in 4:03.5, lopping five and a half seconds off the interscholastic mark. He finished second to Oregon's Jim Grelle, the fine runner who always wins except when he is posted against Dwyer Burleson or Jim Beatty.

Sullivan is an open-faced Irish boy with a shock of black hair. He has broad shoulders and gives promise of growing into an athlete perhaps as big and as strong as Burleson or Elliott. Because Compton officials couldn't afford to pay travel expenses for his coach at St. George Catholic High School, he was appearing in California on his own. This didn't bother him. Neither did the fact that he had not run a mile outdoors this year.

In the Compton race Sullivan had two ambitions. He wanted to stay close to Grelle, the almost certain winner, and he wanted to run 4:05 (his previous best outdoors was 4:11.5). The first proved attainable, the second easy. Sullivan hung behind UCLA's Mil Dahl



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through a fast three laps, then behind Grelle. He ran the last lap in 58.3 and pressed Grelle to the end, finishing second but well ahead of Archie San Romani Jr.'s prep record of 4:06.9. He also erased Elliott's claim to the fastest mile ever run by a boy under the age of 19.

Sullivan seemed bewildered by the post-race attention he received. One reason may have been the reporters, who were too busy to conduct interviews on the field and too busy to think up questions in the press box. After a few moments of nice-going-young-men, one writer opened up with, "Well, Tommy, are you happy?" Sullivan has a long career ahead of him.

Bruce Kidd, at 17 an old hand at show-stopping, was unruffled by all the fuss. He acknowledged with an easy smile the crushing defeat he imposed on Max Truex and László Taborn and looked indifferently at the towering trophy given to him as the meet's outstanding athlete. He wouldn't admit it, but Kidd plainly expected to win.

When Truex set out at a wicked early pace, Kidd just bobbed along behind him, his hands flapping limply at his sides. The mile went by in a fast 4:27.5, the second mile in a very fast 9 minutes flat. Taborn fell back and the crowd, sensing a stirring finish, fell into a steady roar behind the two leaders. With 660 yards to go, Kidd simply demolished Truex. He opened up a gap of 10 yards, then it was 20 and finally it was well over 30. Tommy Sullivan had lost his supper after the finish of the mile, but Bruce Kidd looked like he was ready to eat one. He pranced a few yards with his hands clasped at the back of his head, then trotted another lap to cool off. He was cheered all the way. His time was by far the best of his career. He broke Elliott's junior two- and three-mile records and set a new American three-mile mark of 13:26.6. In the flush of this record-gobbling performance he coolly parried all praise and let his coach, Fred Foot, talk track while he steered his own conversation into other areas—education, journalism and Canadian politics.

He will not go to a California college ("It's much too hot down here") nor Harvard ("I passed the exams and was accepted all right, but I wasn't too sure of the track program"), but he does want to enter Toronto, where he expects to major in economics and philosophy, although Latin is his favorite subject. American coaches were swooning on the spot.

END



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OVER THE FENCE IS OUT

by JONATHAN RHOADES

We played baseball in a big empty lot surrounded by houses and streets. If you hit the ball over the fence it would go down the sewer or onto the front porch of some old witch who already had a bucket of confiscated baseballs in her basement, gathering mold. So in our game the first rule was: over the fence is out. (I know a man named Bradbury who played his childhood baseball on a leveled-off mountaintop in North Dakota. Over the fence was out there, too, because the ball would roll down the mountain and they would never see it again. Bradbury is a bore to watch baseball games with. Any time there's a home run, he has to tell you how he once hit a ball a mile and a half.) This over-the-fence-is-out rule used to set up terrible conflicting forces in the minds of our good hitters. The fence was way out there at the 140-foot mark. If they really teed off (as, for example, when I was pitching) they would clear the fence and be out. If they didn't quite connect, the ball might hit off the fence for a triple, but it also might be caught by an outfielder. I always figured this is why none of the kids in our neighborhood ever made the big leagues: they had a subconscious fear of hitting the

ball too hard. I know for a fact that Bud Lewins almost lost a game for our junior high school team once; he smacked the ball over the fence of the school athletic field with two men on, and he flung his bat 20 feet in the air and said, "Aw, hell," before somebody on the bench hollered, "Run, run—it cleared the fence!" For a second he had thought he was back on the vacant lot.

I am in possession of a box score from one of those games, played when we were all about 11, and it tells the story of the greatest athletic day in my life. It's funny how the best things often happen when you least expect them. I wasn't even supposed to pitch that day. Mostly I was the manager, because my father was a big Athletics fan and he used to supply me with scuffed-up baseballs once in a while. On this particular day we were playing the Highland Avenue Eagles, and they were hot stuff. (Three of them later made our high school official team, and one of them—Shorty Wilkes—went all the way to Class C baseball before they found out he could be had, high and inside.) Fred Savarese was supposed to pitch for us,

but he was on probation in geography and had to stay home to study. Our other pitcher, Coffee Parks, had started warming up for the game at 9:30 in the morning. By the time the game started at 2 in the afternoon he had a sore arm. So I had to leave it up to me.

Lewins was our catcher in those days, and before the game we discussed the signs. "One finger is a fast ball," he said, and I nodded knowingly. "Two is a hook, three is a drop, four is a roundhouse, five is a slow ball, and a fist means an inshoot." Luckily, this was before the days of the knuckle ball and the slider and the back-up scroogie and other silly pitches. We did have the changeup, but we called it a slow ball. We had the slow change-of-pace curve, but we called it a roundhouse. We had no fork ball. To be perfectly honest, we really didn't have any of the other pitches, either, except that slow ball. But we liked to think we could throw them all, and that's why the catcher's signs. It was a sort of mass hallucination.

I refer now to the official box score, kept by my sister. It shows that I walked the first three men. This was to be expected, as I had had very short notice and hadn't had time to pet Sloan's

continued

Here are two funny and fascinating stories about a far-out childhood that are addressed to some of youth's perplexing problems, like how to pitch a no-hit game in spite of lousy support and how to dry-fly-fish with worms. The stories are filled with boyish logic that persuades even as it appalls. Both are from 'Over the Fence Is Out,' to be published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc.



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OVER THE FENCE *continued*

Liniment on my arm before the game. Sloan's Liniment always helped my control. The Eagles' clean-up man was the guy who later played Class C, and he knocked it over the fence in dead center. The ball bounced off Mrs. Worthington Nelson's front porch and back onto the field, but under the rules it was just a long out. I was settling down.

The next man up hit a hard shot to me. Since I was regularly a shortstop, with a .674 fielding average for the season, this ball presented no problem. I gobbled it up and fired it to the catcher for the cinch forceout at home, but for some reason or other Buddy Lewins had run down to back up first, and there was nobody at home plate to take my perfect peg. I ran in, retrieved the ball and



threw it over the third baseman's head. The left fielder grabbed the ball on the first bounce and flung it over the backstop, and four runs were in.

I cursed the lousy support and went back to work with grim determination. There was one out and we were behind 4-0. But the bases were empty, and things could have been worse. The No. 6 batter drilled the ball through the box into center field; the second baseman just barely got a glove on it, so I made

it an error on him. (I forgot to tell you, I was also official scorer, and I went by a simple rule of thumb: if you missed a ball that Charley Gehringer would have got, it was an error.)

So then I walked two more guys, being still upset by the lack of support. That brought up their pitcher with the bases loaded again. He hit a perfect double-play ball about 20 feet to the left of the shortstop, and that's where it went—to his left. The ball rolled between the outfielders and all the way to the fence, and three runs scored. I awarded errors to the shortstop and the left and center fielders.

Now the Highland Avenue bench started up that stupid chant to the tune of the bugle call, *Assembly*

There's a pitcher in the box with a head like an ox.

Take him out, take him out, take him out, take him out.

and

The pitcher's in the air and the catcher needs a chair.

Take him out, take him out, take him out, take him out.

Very clever.

But the smiles were wiped off their silly faces when the next batter hit it over the fence in right. That made two out. I walked the next two batters on lousy calls by the umpire (who was regularly a pitcher for the Highland Avenue Eagles), and Lewins waddled out to the mound. "I think you're losing your stuff," he said.

"Whose ball we using?" I asked.

"Yours."

"Then I ain't losing my stuff."

I was right. The next batter hit a whistling line drive down the first-base line at Ducky Levinson. Ducky had two choices: he could catch the ball, or he could have a fractured skull. He caught the ball, and we were out of the woods.

I will not bore you with the other details of the game. All the nuances and finesse and fine points were wrapped up in that first inning. We scored three runs in our half, but they came right back and took advantage of our poor fielding and scored two more runs in the second.

continued



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OVER THE FENCE *continued*

The final score—five innings—was 19-11, *favor them.*

I was walking home with Lewins and Teddy Jepson, and my sister was straggling 20 feet behind, as usual, carrying the official box score. Suddenly it hit me: "Lemme see that thing!" I said to my sister I checked up and down the columns. "Holy mackerel!" I shouted, "Holy cow! Look at that! What a incredulous performance!"

Jep and Buddy crowded around, and I showed them the miracle. It was right down there in black and white. I had pitched a no-hitter! In five full innings I had pitched to 58 batters, walking 19, striking out one and getting 14 others out, six of them on balls over the fence. Behind me on the field my team had committed 26 errors. But it was a no-hitter, no doubt about it. Which is why I still have that yellowing old box score.

I remember that night when my father came home. "Father," I said, catching him in the driveway, "I pitched a no-hitter against Highland Avenue today!"

His face lit up. I know he had always considered me an athletic failure up to then. "A no-hit, no-run game!" he said. "Sonny, that's a real achievement."

"Well, it wasn't exactly a no-hit, no-run game. They got 19 runs, but I had lousy support."

"Oh," he said. "I see. They missed two of their extra points, eh? Well, that's all right. You'll do better next time."


I couldn't figure that one out. How can you do better than a no-hitter?

DRY FLY FISHING— WITH WORMS

My first trout fishing was on the Waparitic, a little stream that spilled into town from the northeast. My friend Ambly Mollie went there once with his father, and came racing over to my house that night to tell me about the silvery fish with the long slashes of color down their sides. Up to then the pinnacle of our fishing careers had been the taking of a six-inch chub in Kearney's Creek on dough bait and thread and a No. 16 hook. "Aw, c'mon, Ambly," I said, "How can they be better than chubs?"

continued

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"Chubs," said Amby, "is nothing. N-O-T-I-N-G! Only dopes fish for chubs."

So it became a status thing I had to go to the Waparanic. Amby and I went early one morning on the bus, both of us loaded to the hairline with tackle on lend-lease from our fathers who, of course, had not been told of their kindness. "Don't catch 'em all," the bus driver said as he let us off in a light rain on Waparanic Road, and it seemed at the time a devilishly clever thing to say. "Don't catch 'em all," Amby and I repeated as we giggled our way up the path alongside the creek: already we were consumed by the giddiness and airiness of pre-fishing.

We fished most of the day without a strike. We used flies and spinners and River Runn plugs and Hawaiian Wigglers, and we fished them dead still on the bottom, the proper way, with sinkers. But for some reason we never had a hit. Then we came to a fence and a sign. "Protected waters. Fly-fishing only."

"I know about this stretch," said



Amby the Sophisticate. "Fulla trout."

As though to underline his words, we rounded a bend and came upon a pool being beaten to a frazzle by a legion of shiny jumping fish cleaning up

on a hatch of flies. "Holy cow!" I said. "That's the neatest thing I ever saw in my life!"

We tied on new flies and splashed in, whooping and hollering at our good for-

you'll take a million



flyline around my head three or four times, like a hammer thrower, and then I winged it far out on the water, six or eight feet away. "C'mon, Baby," I shouted. "Come to Papa!" Suddenly the trout stopped hitting. This, I have come to learn, is the way with trout. One minute they are smacking everything in sight, and the next minute, inexplicably, they disappear. Amby and I backed out of the pool and trudged sadly upstream. Every now and then we would pass some old guy waving his line back and forth over his head and then laying it out on the water as though it was gold leaf or something. But nobody was catching any trout.

Then we came to another pool, where we could see trout finning on the bottom. "Wait!" I said. "I got a neat idea." My idea was that all the junk we had in our tackle boxes and in our pockets was not natural food for trout, but that worms were. "Worms," said Amby, "is not allowed in here. The sign said fly-fishing only."

"I know, Amby," I said, aware that my 11th birthday would occur six months before his, "but my father told me ignorance of the law is no excuse."

Amby seemed satisfied with this explanation, and we withdrew to the bank to overturn rocks and sod for worms. We found plenty. "Now comes the beauty part of it," I said. I tied on the biggest fly in my father's fly book, and then I slipped a lovely worm on the hook, right over the fly. I plunked the whole thing into the water, and 30 seconds later I had an eight-inch trout flipping on the bank. Those fish, starving for years on feathers and fluff, were finally seeing their first real food. "Jeez," said Amby, his mouth agape, but then he had one on, too, and he landed it with a herculean sporting sweep of his fly rod.

"Wait a minute," Amby said. "What do we do if the warden catches us fishing with worms?"

I had already figured that one out. "You seen those guys snapping their lines back and forth over their heads? Well, when the warden comes in sight you just whip the line till the worm falls off and then you're fly-fishing." It was simple.

For the rest of that season Amby and I were the most successful fly-fishermen on the Waparung. We never failed to

continued

tune. Amby began whipping his father's flyline over his head and catching leaves, but I was hand-lining mine. You don't get as much distance that way, but you don't catch leaves, either. I whirled the

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OVER THE FENCE *continued*

fill out our limits. Up until the day disaster struck we had had only one bad scare. An old guy with a potbelly and \$9,000 worth of fishing tackle dangling from his trout vest suddenly materialized out of the brush across the pool, and we knew damned well he had been sitting there watching us for heaven only knew how long. "My, my," I said loudly. "They certainly are hitting today on these dry flies."

"Y-y-y-yeah," said Amby. "They are certainly on the rise today."



We knew that old guy had to be a dry-fly purist and he had to be a stoolpigeon. We let him get out of sight, and then we beat it up the path, trailing our lines behind us. All of a sudden Amby stopped and almost knocked me down. "Look!" he said. "Look down there." It was the old guy with the potbelly. He was turning over rocks and dropping things into a rusty can. We went back and fished out our strings.

But on the very next trip we got into bad trouble. It was not Amby's fault and it was not mine. It was some dumb trout's. What happened was this:

We had come prepared with pockets full of night crawlers, and we were having a picnic with the way the trout would hit the dangling ends of them but miss the hook. It was great experience in angling finesse. Suddenly I turned to see Amby flailing his line back and forth in the air like a nut, and then I saw the stranger. He had "warden" written all over him. He was wearing a pith helmet

continued



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Left: Members of the Jantzen International Sports Club "Hawaiian Village" Expedition in the Jantzen lineup of superb sportswear . . . Bob Cousy, Ken Venturi, Frank Gifford, Warren Miller, Bud Palmer. Tom Kelley took all expedition photos, including this one.

Jantzen Inc., Portland 2, Oregon



OVER THE FENCE *continued*

and a little gold badge, and he was standing about 50 feet upstream from us, watching.

"Hi, there, boys," he said.

"Hello," I said, and I gave that old rod a jerk like you have never seen in your life. I was going to snap that night crawler off in one quick, powerful motion. The only trouble was, the line stuck in the water, and little rhythmic pulses began shooting down to my hand. I had hooked a trout.

The warden came stumbling over. "Play him, kid!" he snorted. "Don't horse him now!" I had no intentions of horsing him. I intended to play him for three days if necessary, or at least until the warden had to go home for dinner. But the warden had different ideas. "All right, kid," he said after a few minutes. "You got him licked now. Bring him in."

I gathered the line in inch by inch, reciting to myself the Nicene Creed, which was all that popped into my head at the moment. And then the trout was lying spent at my feet. I had foul-hooked him just ahead of the tail, and there was an inch of night crawler hanging from

the fly. "Holy mackerel!" I said. "Will you look at that trout? He's been feeding on worms."

The warden knelt down and took a good look. "Yeah," he said slowly. "But he's been feeding at the wrong end."

"Strangest thing I ever saw," I said. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Amby inching away. I hoped that he, at least, would make it, so that my parents, in long years to come, would know where I was. The warden saw him, too.

"Stand still, kid!" he yelled, suddenly ripping off his mask of kindness and understanding. "What chew got in those pockets?" He frisked us as though we were common criminals and dropped the contraband at our feet, a stick of wiggling night crawlers. You'd have thought they were heroin, the way he looked at them.

"Now," he said, "I invite you boys to get the hell outa here! Get home as fast as your scurvy little legs can carry you, and if I ever see you any place around here again I'll run you in."

That was our last trip to the Waparomic. I have not ever been back, and neither, I'm sure, has Amby. The fly-fishing stretch may still be there, and if it is I heartily recommend it to you. But watch out for the warden. He's a narrow-minded purist.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Dorsey Murtaugh, Pittsburgh manager, made a luncheon speech: "Drive carefully," he said. "The person you are may be a Pirate, and we can't afford any more injuries." Six Pirate regulars have been out with injuries in the past two weeks. The outfield was hit so badly that Duke Stewart played in left one day. Nevertheless, Pittsburgh won three of six games, including two from the Braves. Overall, Milwaukee lost four of six. Three losses were to left-handed pitchers, and in the past seven games against southpaws the Braves hit only .196. Bob Balah earned the Braves' two wins as they fought the Cardinals for fifth place. St. Louis won two, lost four, and a 9-3 loss to the Braves was the first time in 26 games that the Cardinals lost by more than two runs. Good relief pitching might have salvaged some of those narrow defeats, and there was growing concern over Rubeen Landy McDaniel's 3.85 ERA. San Francisco, too, losing six of seven. It would have helped if at least one of their 11 homers were hit with a man on. Conversely, Los Angeles, though hitting just .224, got its home runs at the right times. The Dodgers twice beat the Giants with last-inning homers and moved into first Cincinnati (see page 66) had led briefly, but lost twice to the Chicago Cubs, who won six straight. It all began when the Cubs held a clubhouse meeting from which the coaches were barred. The meeting was conceived by Don Zimmer, and he and Richie Ashburn led the discussion. From then on, the Cubs' bias did the talking. They hit .332. Individual leaders

were Ron Santo (.500), George Altman (.405), Ernie Banks (.389) and Zimmerman (.345). Philadelphia broke out in occasional rashes of hits and won two of six.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

When Cleveland's Jimmy Piersall thumbed his nose at the official scorer for ruling error instead of hit on his bunt against the Twins, he was compared to Ted Williams. Piersall hit like Williams, too, last week—.571. Frank Funk was being compared to the game's best relievers. Funk won his sixth and seventh games in relief and lowered his ERA to 1.59. Cleveland gained a game and a half on Detroit, which won three and lost two. Unlike the early part of the season, when they won with singles and doubles, the Tigers were winning with home runs. Each of their past six victories was achieved by homers. New York also got a lot of home runs. Roger Maris hit six, Bill Skowron and Mickey Mantle four and Yogi Berra three. Poor pitching, however, hampered the Yankees and, despite their slugging, they lost three of six games by a total of four runs. Boston did little hitting but had good pitching and also split six games. Rookie Don Schwall, who is 6 foot 6, got his third win and second over the Orioles. Three years ago an Oriole scout passed up a chance to sign Schwall, saying, "He hasn't got a chance." Another rookie, Norm Bass of Kansas City, won his fourth game, shutting out the Senators 8-0. The Athletics got solid hitting from newcomer Leo Posada (.417) and from oldtimers Joe Mauer (.411), Bob Boyd and Norm Sieben (both .363).



WINNERS AT LAST were Washington's Dick Donnoson, Philadelphia's John Ruthard. Both had lost five. Donnoson by one run each time.

Chicago, oldest team of all, wiggled out of last place. It took nifty relief pitching by Warren Hacker, 36, and a 13th-inning home-run by Roy Stevens, 34, to beat the Yankees 6-5 and start the upward climb. Hacker was recently purchased from Chattanooga, and Chicago fans were so appreciative of his fine relief work that they gave him a standing ovation. Bill Rigney, Los Angeles manager, was not so appreciative of good pitching. He removed Eli Grba, who had a five-hit shutout after eight innings, when he walked the leadoff man in the ninth. Rync Duren was put in to protect a 2-0 lead, but he lost the game 3-2 to the Washington Senators, who held on to fifth place with a .500 record. Minnesota lost four straight, fell seven games below .500 and was in eighth place. Everything went wrong: errors cost the Twins two games, anemic hitting the other two and Cumbie Piquel somehow lost a ground ball in the sun. The sunlight did not bother Baltimore, which won three afternoon games but lost two at night. Clint Courtney, however, was bedazzled by Jackie Brandt's comment shortly before a flight to Boston. Brandt surveyed the bad weather and asked: "What time is this plane scheduled to crash?" Courtney got off the plane and took a train to Boston. Nothing troubled Brandt, who hit .417. Steve Barber pitched a three-hit shutout for his seventh win. Skinny Brown beat the White Sox 2-1 and Jack Fisher defeated the Red Sox 3-1.

LEADING ROOKIES: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AB	HE	RBI	B.A.
W. Albu, SF	28	2	3	.385
Berthel, Chi	101	0	3	.217
W. Davis, LA	123	9	27	.212
Tate, NY	32	2	6	.268
G. Smith, Phil	180	3	8	.265
Zimmerman, Co	53	0	3	.264
Williamson, Chi	120	4	12	.246
Jamies, StL	25	1	6	.215
Hahn, SF	107	1	5	.213
Woods, Phil	43	2	8	.209

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Peterson, KC	61	3	5	.318
Haskin, Wash	81	2	12	.309
Hart, LA	124	4	27	.294
Robinson, Chi	55	3	10	.291
Holmer, KC	156	1	13	.282
Wood, Det	203	4	24	.271
McWhorter, KC	69	1	8	.267
Leach, LA	121	4	17	.263
Adair, Bal	123	6	17	.260
Couma, Chi	69	1	3	.254

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In*	Total Runs Produced
Albu, SF (1348)	29	31	60
Mays, SF (1052)	24	20	54
Balkin, Mil (212)	25	17	52
Boyer, StL (1080)	33	18	51
T. Davis, LA (102)	24	24	50
Clemente, Phil (1219)	26	22	48
W. Davis, LA (2172)	29	18	47
Depina, SF (1049)	25	22	47

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Cash, Det (1378)	31	31	68
Seale, Bal (1305)	26	32	63
Colado, Det (1047)	26	22	61
Kalene, Det (1080)	32	22	59
Wood, Det (271)	37	22	57
Mantle, NY (1385)	37	19	56
Borns, Det (2013)	22	34	56
Morris, NY (2017)	32	21	55

*Derived by subtracting HRs from RBI.

LEADING ROOKIES: PITCHING

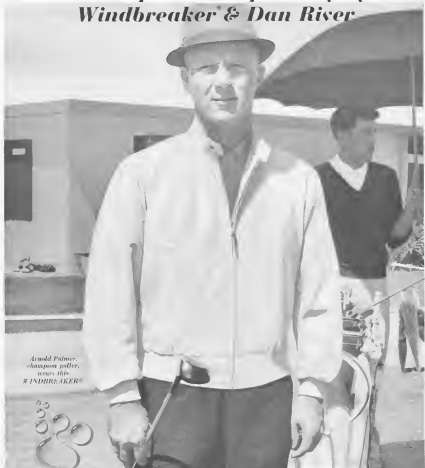
NATIONAL LEAGUE	IP	W	L	ERA
Belin, SF	29	0	6	1.25
Pennell, LA	26	3	0	2.06
Radtke, Phil	13	0	0	2.77
Hart, Co	63	5	2	2.86
Duffalo, SF	22	3	0	4.71
Nagin, Co	15	1	0	4.80
Brewer, Chi	16	0	2	5.86
Holbrook, Mil	48	2	3	5.88
Carlin, Co	25	1	1	6.87
Enlow, LA	18	1	1	7.30

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Schwab, Bal	24	3	0	1.84
Allen, Cleve	25	2	0	1.94
Furth, Cleve	35	7	2	1.98
Archer, KC	36	1	8	1.75
Gonsky, Det	18	1	1	2.50
McClain, Wash	72	5	3	2.63
McVie, LA	63	5	2	2.65
Boss, KC	52	4	2	2.77
Koski, KC	24	3	1	3.09
Mohr, Wash	34	3	2	3.04

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

PLAYING FOR PAY

Sirs:

Your quotation of Coach Glen Rose regarding the buyability of a recruited basketball player (Scaorcard, May 22) reminds me of a statement by the great William Lawrence, late Bishop of Massachusetts:

"Opposing—in the 1920s, I think it was—some measure to promote professional sports, he said, "Always remember, gentlemen, that if you pay someone to win in an athletic competition, somebody else may pay him more to lose."

LEONARD WARE

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

From the vantage point of more than 30 years in tennis (currently as teaching pro at the Indies House in Duck Key, Fla.) I have watched the decline and fall of my own favorite sport. Tennis—and I include the Kramer pros as well as the players under the jurisdiction of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association—is moving closer and closer to oblivion because of the lack of understanding of those who run it. The game has been permitted to drift along with dreamers at the tiller. It seems a shame to condemn the gentlemen who attempt to guide the destiny of tennis I have known and been friends with most of these men since 1928, when I first made the Davis Cup team. Every one of them has been or is a successful businessman. But if they ran their businesses in the same manner as they direct tennis they'd have been on skid row long ago.

At the moment we have a lack of good players, a lack of money in the USLTA treasury and a definite lack of supervision of our Davis Cup team both as to how to play and how to act.

Our team acted like spoiled brats in Australia, and little wonder; with the easy money, the worldwide publicity, the back-slapping and handshaking, the glory of personal recognition, they began to think the world was made for them. But at the first sign of a reverse, with no training to meet a difficult situation, they were unable to conduct themselves in the spirit in which Davis first presented the trophy.

Can this all-time low morale be blamed entirely on a group of young men soft in their tents? Of course not. The arrow points right straight back to the men who head the USLTA. Tennis needs desperately a guiding hand that has absolute authority in the same manner that Judge Lindbergh con-

trolled baseball. There have been no such things as amateur tennis players in the true sense of the word, so they try to force on the public such a hallucination—especially when it is very plain they're not having any of it.

Two types of tournaments should be offered. First, the one that is most in demand these days, namely, the open. This puts the



GEORGE LOTT HITS HARD FOR TENNIS

cards on the table—play for money—everyone knows what the prize is and it's the devil take the hindmost.

The second type of tournament should be one in which no expenses or prize monies are paid. This will be the true amateur event. Everyone pays his own expenses. And therein lies the difference between this amateur tournament and the ones that are being held today. No pretense, no sham, no deceit, money never enters the picture—just a bunch of guys trying to find out who's the best tennis player. Sounds refreshing, doesn't it?

GEORGE LOTT

Duck Key, Fla.

Sirs:

In recent months you have had interesting articles by Mike Agostini (Jan. 30) and Phil Coleman (March 6) on the pros and cons of accepting payment for competing in track and field meets, articles on Arnold Palmer, Sportsman of the Year 1960, and the second major bribe scandal in college

continued

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Carol Heiss skating her way to a gold medal at Squaw Valley ★ Ted Williams hitting historic home run #500 before retiring from baseball ★ Johnny Unitas quarterbacking his team to a world championship ★ Ruler Johnson winning the Olympic decathlon for the U. S. at Rome ★ Arnold

Palmer sailing down his second straight Masters' title ★ Floyd Patterson regaining his heavyweight crown from Ingemar Johansson.

So many SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers have requested copies of these memorable paintings (for their own homes and offices or to give as gifts) that we have been able to reproduce the group in a unit measuring over 3 feet by 12 inches... and offer them at a cost of just \$2.00 a set. The six panels measure approximately 6" x 12" each—and can be attractively framed as a unit (see above), in separate panels, or in groups of 2 or 3—however best suits your tastes and your home.

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19TH HOLE continued

basketball, still under investigation. Actually, a common thread runs through them all: the rise of professionalism and decline of amateurism in athletics in the U.S.

Estimated participation figures indicate that more people are playing tennis and golf, bowling, boating, swimming, skin-diving and water skiing than ever before. The number of professionals in these sports compared to the total is extremely small.

Professional sports have not diminished amateur sports, nor do they seem in any present danger of doing so in spite of their great growth. However, they have introduced a subtle change in our attitude toward sport, and this may be very important. The professional ideal is now replacing the amateur ideal for many of our young athletes. Thus, the positive values which derive from the amateur ideal are being lost to them and, in a sense, to all of us.

The professional ideal is to concentrate one's energies and abilities on the mastery of one or more sports to the exclusion of other interests and to the point where this sport becomes a full-time preoccupation and a means of earning a living. It implies that the educational process is of secondary importance, only incidental to the realization of this goal. The athlete's objectives are to perfect his technique and to win, because his chosen future depends on winning.

The amateur ideal regards sport only as one of many constructive activities in which man may engage to aid him in completing his development and realizing his total role in society. Sports help him to achieve a better state of physical fitness, to express himself in terms of grace, power, agility and all-out effort. Through victory or breaking a record he obtains a spiritual exaltation and intellectual satisfaction that contribute to the nobility of his character. "Make use of technique, but let the spirit prevail." These are the words of the late Pope Pius XII (St. Oct. 24, 1955), himself an athlete and lover of sport.

If we follow the amateur ideal of sport as expressed in these broad terms, it seems we should have no trouble in implementing the recommendations of President Kennedy regarding national fitness for all.

ALLAN J. RYAN, M.D.

Meriden, Conn.

OL' 2100

Says:

Please accept my heartiest congratulations on your article about the Reading's Iron Horse Rambles (*Stream's Up on the Reading*, May 22). Two weeks earlier I climbed the very same signal tower at Mount Holly to shoot ol' 2100 as it posed proudly. Yes, I'm a railroad enthusiast—engineer's cap and goggles.

ALLAN HENDERSON

Arlington, N.J.

continued

High in a strong wind, an experienced yachtsman takes his chances and wins his point against the sea.



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See the National Open Saturday, June 17, NBC-TV

Sirs:

Most timely and interesting, as well as unique in a magazine such as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. However, there is one small error which I must point out. After riding close to half a dozen Rambles, I decided that it might be fruitful for photographic purposes to chase the trip by automobile.

Therefore, since I was dubbed "a free-loader in an MG" in the article, may I say that I spent May 7 making stereo tape recordings of the train in an Austin Healey, not to be confused with an MG.

PETE VANDER VELD

Glen Ridge, N.J.

Sirs:

My congratulations go both to Mr. Horn and the Reading for providing the public with a glimpse into the nostalgic past.

ROBERT E. BENNETT JR.

Princeton, N.J.

SALINA, SALINAS

Sirs:

How big can a name get?

Re Roger Williams' fine article, *A New Springer for the Speed Mower* (May 22), where is this "Salinas (Kansas)" where Hal Davis is said to have gone to school?

Wait till John Stenbeck hears about this!

MATTHEW W. STIRLING

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

To the best of my knowledge there is no Salinas in Kansas. The word is Salma (as every loyal Kansan knows).

ARTHUR O'LEARY

Cassville, Pa.

MAN TO BEAT

Sirs:

Thank you for your tribute to Tony Bettenhausen (SCORECARD, May 22). The Indianapolis "500" and the other races along the circuit will not be the same without the Flying Dutchman from Tinley Park, Ill. As Eddie Sachs said, "Tony was the least race driver we ever had and, best of all, he was the fiercest of all competitors. There will never be anyone to replace him." Promoter Tom Marchese of Milwaukee said: "Tony was the most colorful driver that ever raced, bar none. He always gave the fans a show, and he could drive anything."

And perhaps the most fitting comment of all came from Rodger Ward: "Always," said the 1959 Indy winner, "Tony was the man to beat in any race."

JIM SCANNELL

San Bruno, Calif.

ENJOY, ENJOY

Sirs:

A fascinating article, especially for those of us who follow the "runners" (How to continue)

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 12, 1968

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Creamy, rich Noxzema holds up your whiskers as it does this pencil. You shave clean and close without irritation.



19TH HOLE continued

Enjoy a Trotting Race, May 29), I'm certain I'll enjoy the Humboldtman twice as much this year.

MARIE KEPPEL

Berkeley, Calif.

TROUTSKY

Sirs:

The answer to Charles Thayer's problem in *Long Search for a Russian Trout* (May 15) may be found in the current story about a Russian fisherman who visited Ireland recently. Amazed by his fantastic catches, he asked how it was that he could catch so many trout in Ireland and yet not in his native Russia. His Irish guide replied, "Sir, in this country the fish are allowed to open their mouths!"

J. P. MURRAY

Dublin, Ireland

TAILWIND

Sirs:

I confess to gross ignorance in regard to crew, but am puzzled by one fact in the May 29 *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Navy was listed as having a time of 6:01.5 for the 2,000 meters, while Washington was listed at 6:32.3 for 2,000 meters. Can there have been a misprint—or was there actually 30 seconds' difference in the times of the two events? I realize that the condition of the water would have much to do with times, but nothing indicated extreme choppy or excellent conditions for either event. Frankly, I am puzzled as to the difference. Explanation?

ROCK GALE

San Mateo, Calif.

• Navy had a hefty tailwind.—ED.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED JUNE 12, 1961



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GEORGE DOUGLASS

Tame whoopers

At the last count, there were only 36 wild whooping cranes in existence—and their existence is precarious at best. But to insure the preservation of North America's tallest and rarest bird in some form, George Douglass, superintendent of the Audubon Park Zoo in New Orleans, has been patiently trying over the last decade to raise a captive flock. Here, pictured for the first time *en famille*, are the four whoopers he has succeeded in raising, along with their whooping parents.

Breeder Douglass started his flock with Josephine and Crip, two wild birds that had been wounded by hunters. But for four years Jo and Crip refused to mate. Then in 1955 Jo at last laid an egg. Recording the great event for posterity, a television cameraman ventured too near,

Jo's startled mate stepped on the egg in fright and broke it. The next year Jo hatched two chicks, only to have one disappear and the other die. A year later two chicks were hatched and, marvelously, survived. They were joined by another in 1958, to bring the flock to five. A lean year followed in 1959 as Jo and Crip once again refused to mate. In 1960 two chicks were hatched but died. Then this spring Jo presented Crip (and Douglass) with a fourth frisky youngster, which is now kept under 24-hour watch.

While admiring Douglass' feat, some ornithologists feel the only place for whoopers is in their natural habitat. But many others agree with Douglass that captive cranes are better than no cranes at all. Says he, "The chief necessity is the preservation of these wonderful birds."

Anyone Too Young for Tennis?

Hardy, says net star Welby Van Horn, who starts raising champions at the age of 8 in Puerto Rico

by CARLETON MITCHELL

Watching tennis on the courts of Puerto Rico's Caribe Hilton Swimming and Tennis Club these days often gives you the feeling you are looking through the wrong end of a pair of binoculars. The fierce competition before you is generally taking place between pint-size youngsters who are scarcely taller than the rackets they wield, yet in poise, precision and form are miniature copies of polished, adult champions. The reason is that a former champion named Welby Van Horn believes that the ideal age to learn tennis is 8. "The game is so difficult," he says, "that other interests may interfere if you wait until 11 or 12."

After taking a job in Puerto Rico as a teaching pro nine years ago in an effort to ease the chronic asthma that had hampered his own competitive career, Van Horn found a clubful of youngsters eager to learn their lessons early. The discovery gave his own tennis career a new boost. "I am in the third phase of that career now, and it's the one I like best," he says. The first phase, as an amateur, reached its zenith in 1939 when Van Horn played in the finals of the National Men's Singles Championships at Forest Hills, losing to Bobby Riggs, and being ranked No. 4 nationally. During the second phase, as a playing professional in the 1940s, he won both the National Pro Singles Championship and the National Pro Doubles Championship—with Frank Kovacs. At one time or another he played

continued

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Tennis *continued*

all the greats of his era, developing, in the words of the authoritative *World Tennis* magazine, "the lovely strokes which characterized him as one of the finest stylists of the game."

Never before, however, had Van Horn shown such dedication to the game of tennis as he does now. Tall, lean, hawk-nosed, crew-cut and deeply tanned, he stands hour after hour on the Caribe courts alongside a supermarket pushcart filled with balls, patiently feeding them across the net to his young protégés, correcting their every stroke, insisting each be finished as perfectly as it is begun. Van Horn is a fanatic on balance, as an essential to position and footwork, as part of sound fore- and backhand strokes. He starts his students on baseline play. "All the delicate shots—lobs, volleys, half volleys, drop shots—can be mastered easily at a later stage if the basic ground strokes have become natural," he says. By 11 the youngster has become more diversified and is impressive in many departments, but Van Horn still holds him to the baseline and emphasizes a defensive style, based on consistency.

"My greatest problem is to explain the pitfalls of the 'big game' to kids," says Van Horn. "Most youngsters become victimized by watching the practitioners of power tennis as played by Gonzales, Hoad, Olmedo and the others. Youngsters see only the end results and don't appreciate the years of training that make the great players defensive giants as well. Above all, I try to instill mental discipline by overcoming the almost irresistible urge to hit a tennis ball too hard. It is essential to refrain from this temptation, to remember always that you 'stroke' a ball over the net—not hit, push, block, smash or drive it. When you 'stroke' you are swinging with thought and applying a sense of feel coming from the finger tips. And you can evaluate each stroke by the feel and the sound. There is more of a similarity between a tennis racket and a strange musical instrument than just the strings. Anyone can improve his game by listening to the ball as well as watching it.

"It takes at least five years to make a champion," says Van Horn, and by carefully instilling these basic truths in his

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youngsters, Van Horn produced an impressive lot of champions during his first five years on the island. In 1956 Charles (Charlito) Pasarell Jr., playing in Miami's Orange Bowl Championships, reached the singles finals for boys of 13 years and under and, teamed with Jorge De Jesus, became a finalist in the doubles. Next year the boys won both events, and this time two girls, Cindy Golbert and Maritza Torres, were runners-up in singles and doubles in two age groups.

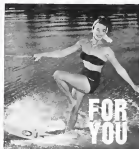


CHILD'S PLAY is serious to Wally Van Horn, former champion who now teaches tennis.

Since then Puerto Ricans have captured a total of 42 state, district and sectional Stateside junior tournaments, including three U.S. national boys' titles, and have been awarded 21 national rankings by the USLTA. In 1960 five of Van Horn's boys were listed among the first 24 in the *Official Tennis Yearbook's* age group of 15 years and under—more national rankings than attained by any other section, including Florida and California. In team play the Puerto Rican midgets in 1958 clobbered Venezuela by 13 matches to 1, and the following year overran a Florida team 9 to 3.

Still others are coming along fast under the San Juan palms. Stanley Pasarell, 12-year-old brother of Charlito, teamed with Alberto Carrero to win the 13-years-and-under boys' doubles in the recent Orange Bowl tournament. They will still

Continued



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Tennis *continued*

be eligible in the same division in '61. In the opinion of Van Horn, Stanley shows a development almost equal to his brother's at the same age. "Tico" Carrero seems to exhibit even more promise. "He has the best stroke production of any kid I've ever taught," says the coach flatly. And there is 11-year-old Ramon Almonte, known as Cholo, and his doubles partner, Antonio Ortiz. Last year they made the finals of the USLTA National Championships for players 11 years old and under. Looking smaller than ball boys at many clubs, these bantams and perhaps a dozen others who have not yet achieved recognition in Stateside tournaments play with the aplomb of masters, driving flat shots effortlessly from the baseline by the hour, swings perfectly grooved. All it takes is time to ripen in the year-round sunshine and more competitive experience.

What makes the record even more impressive is that the whole program has been achieved on the four courts of the Caribe Club, compared with the hundreds of courts and great variety of competition existing in the best tennis centers. Court availability is so limited, in fact, that new groups of 8-year-olds can begin only every three years, when the 11-years-and-older groups are away playing tournaments. Thus many youngsters never realize their potential—a situation that may be rectified since the Puerto Rican government is now planning to build municipal courts.

Regardless, the protégés of Welby Van Horn will remain the products of careful craftsmanship rather than a production-line schooling system. And the dedication of Welby Van Horn's diminutive charges is as great as their master's. As soon as they are out of school, they streak for the club. In the open patio they do homework, munch hamburgers, toss Yo-yos and play tennis—against each other, against unwary adult visitors, against backstops, against a captive ball held to a sandbag by an elastic string.

Meanwhile, a new crop of 8-year-olds is being seeded, beginning to stroke tossed balls on the far court. They look very small, and a visitor is likely to remember that Puerto Rico is a small island, too.

END

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